

The Sketch



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WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 3, 1904.

SIXPENCE.



[Photograph by Ellis and Watery, Baker Street, W.]

MISS NORMA WHALLEY (MRS. PERCIVAL CLARKE).

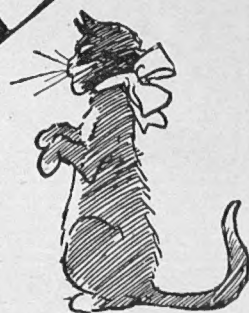
Miss Norma Whalley is a new "star" of the musical-comedy stage. She made her name in "Madame Sherry," at the Apollo. Mr. Clarke is the eldest son of Sir Edward Clarke, K.C. At the time of our going to press the wedding was arranged to take place yesterday (Aug. 2).



MOTLEY NOTES

By KEBLE HOWARD

("Chicot").



"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND ·"

The Sketch Office,
Saturday, July 30.

I HAD a queer dream last night. I had been reading, just before going to bed, the "Real Conversation" in the August number of the *Pall Mall Magazine* between Mr. William Archer, the brilliant dramatic critic of the *World*, and Mr. Arthur B. Walkley, the brilliant dramatic critic of the *Times*. Have you seen, mere playgoer, the "Conversation" to which I refer? If not, let me urge you to spend your next spare shilling on the August number of the *Pall Mall Magazine*. After all, a shilling is no more than the sum you pay for admission to the gallery of a theatre, and it is far too hot to visit the theatre just at present. As a good playgoer, moreover, it is your duty to study, even to learn by heart, the impromptu witticisms that came from Mr. Walkley, the rounded, deep-sounding periods uttered, in the excitement of the moment, by Mr. Archer. The effect upon me, at any rate, was so extraordinary that I dreamed the following dream.

I was seated in Mr. Walkley's study in Tavistock Square. The study, oddly enough, was situated in the very centre of the square: there was no house to it. To my right, on a high, hard chair, sat Mr. Archer; to my left, on a higher, harder chair, sat Mr. Walkley. On his knees Mr. Archer was balancing a huge bowl containing Turkish coffee. Every now and then he would raise the bowl to his lips and drink deeply. The effect was surprising. Mr. Walkley, too, had been drinking coffee, and, as in the case of his guest, the stuff had evidently gone to his head. Never, I think, have I heard a man express himself in so few languages. English, indeed, was very nearly good enough for him. When I awoke, I jotted down a fragment of the conversation just as I happened to remember it. Here it is:

MR. WALKLEY. As I was saying—by the way, you needn't spill any more of that coffee on my carpet unless you like. It's Turkish, and leaves a nasty stain—as I was saying at dinner, I always admire your criticisms immensely, except when I happen to have seen the plays you write about.

MR. ARCHER. Same to you, old cock.

K. H. Shall I put that down?

MR. ARCHER. Good gracious, no! Put it like this: "I have observed that, if you want to retain your faith in a critic, you ought never to see the things he criticises."

MR. WALKLEY. Here, steady on! Speak for yourself!

MR. ARCHER. I am, dear A. B. W.

MR. WALKLEY (*signing to me to write*). "I am willing to admit the influence of temperament, of mood, of prejudice if you will—comma—upon my criticism. You—comma—I take it—"

MR. ARCHER. I should think you did take it. You take the—er—

K. H. Biscuit?

MR. ARCHER. Quite so. Don't put that down.

MR. WALKLEY. Look here, are you going to have your next turn or not? I've just thought of something rather good.

MR. ARCHER. Then it must keep. (*Dictating*) "No one realises more clearly than I that our best-reasoned preferences are personal and not eternal." Er—let me think of an epigram. Yes. (*Dictating*) "Scratch an enthusiasm and you'll find a prejudice." How's that, A. B. W.?

MR. WALKLEY. Good enough for you. Shouldn't care to put my own name to it.

MR. ARCHER. Garn! Jealous!

K. H. I'm waiting for Mr. Walkley.

MR. WALKLEY. Beg pardon. (*Dictating*) "What is technique? A superior form of jugglery! And a play which has no root in

thought—which exists in virtue of its technique alone—is little better than a——" Half a sec. Where's my "Dictionary of Telling Quotations"? I believe you're sitting on it, Archer!

MR. ARCHER. I'm not. I wish I could.

K. H. Isn't that it—that dog's-eared book on your desk?

MR. WALKLEY. Of course. Many thanks. Let me see. Where was I? Oh, yes. (*Dictating*) "——little better than a *chimera bombinans in vacuo*."

MR. ARCHER. What's that mean?

MR. WALKLEY. You might have asked me before I shut the book. I can't bother to turn it up again.

MR. ARCHER. But do you mean to say, my dear A. B. W., that——

MR. WALKLEY. I mean to say a whole heap of things if you give me the chance. I don't wish to be offensive, but really, my dear Archer, you're a singularly poor interviewer.

MR. ARCHER. What do you mean, sir? I am no interviewer! I——

MR. WALKLEY. That's exactly what I wished to imply. After all, interviewing is the work of men who live and have their being in an exceedingly narrow social, intellectual, and artistic byway—men who move as aliens and parvenus among the things of the spirit. (*To me*) You might just jot that down, old man.

K. H. With pleasure.

MR. ARCHER. Jot away! If it wasn't that I depend for my living on my reputation as a serious writer, I should say that I—he! he!—didn't care a jot!

MR. WALKLEY. Why not say it? Your reputation would be safe enough.

MR. ARCHER. I'm afraid, my dear A. B. W., the Turkish coffee has affected your sense of humour. I shall therefore take the opportunity of saying something rather profound on the subject of musical comedy. (*Dictating*) "I don't make light of it. I think it a very serious phenomenon—even more so in the provinces than in London. All I say is that it is a mistake to talk——"

MR. WALKLEY (*with a transparent imitation of the vulgar manner*). 'Ear! 'ear!

MR. ARCHER (*ignoring the interruption*). "——as though the encroachments of musical comedy had been made solely, or mainly, at the expense of serious drama. In the provinces——"

MR. WALKLEY. Come off it. You know no more about musical comedy than I do.

MR. ARCHER. I admit that I am not allowed to criticise them for the *World*. Not that I care, mind you!

MR. WALKLEY. I do, rather. Once upon a time, I used to see 'em all for nothing. Nowadays, I have to pay. (*Dictating*) "I scarcely ever go to a musical piece. I can see nothing in the whole tribe but a holding up to admiration of everything that is trivial and vulgar."

K. H. What about "Véronique"?

MR. WALKLEY.

MR. ARCHER } (*together*). What's that like?

K. H. Charming music, delightful——

MR. WALKLEY. What's the good of talking like that to Archer? He doesn't know one note from another.

MR. ARCHER (*rising with dignity*). It is getting on for midnight and my train-time. Good-night!

MR. WALKLEY. I thought that would clear you out! (*Dictating*) "Good-night—and pleasant dreams to you, of a *Comédie-Britannique*, with a marble group of Shakespeare, Pinero, and Jones, entwined like the Three Graces, in the vestibule." By the way, is that funny? It's so hard to criticise one's own stuff.

K. H. Has Archer gone?

MR. WALKLEY. Yes. Why?

K. H. What a pity! That's just his own idea of humour.

FROM TORQUAY TO MARGATE: A STUDY IN CONTRASTS.



SKETCHES BY RALPH CLEAVER,

THE CLUBMAN.

The Return of the White Hat—The Blue Frock-coat—Tiger versus Bull.

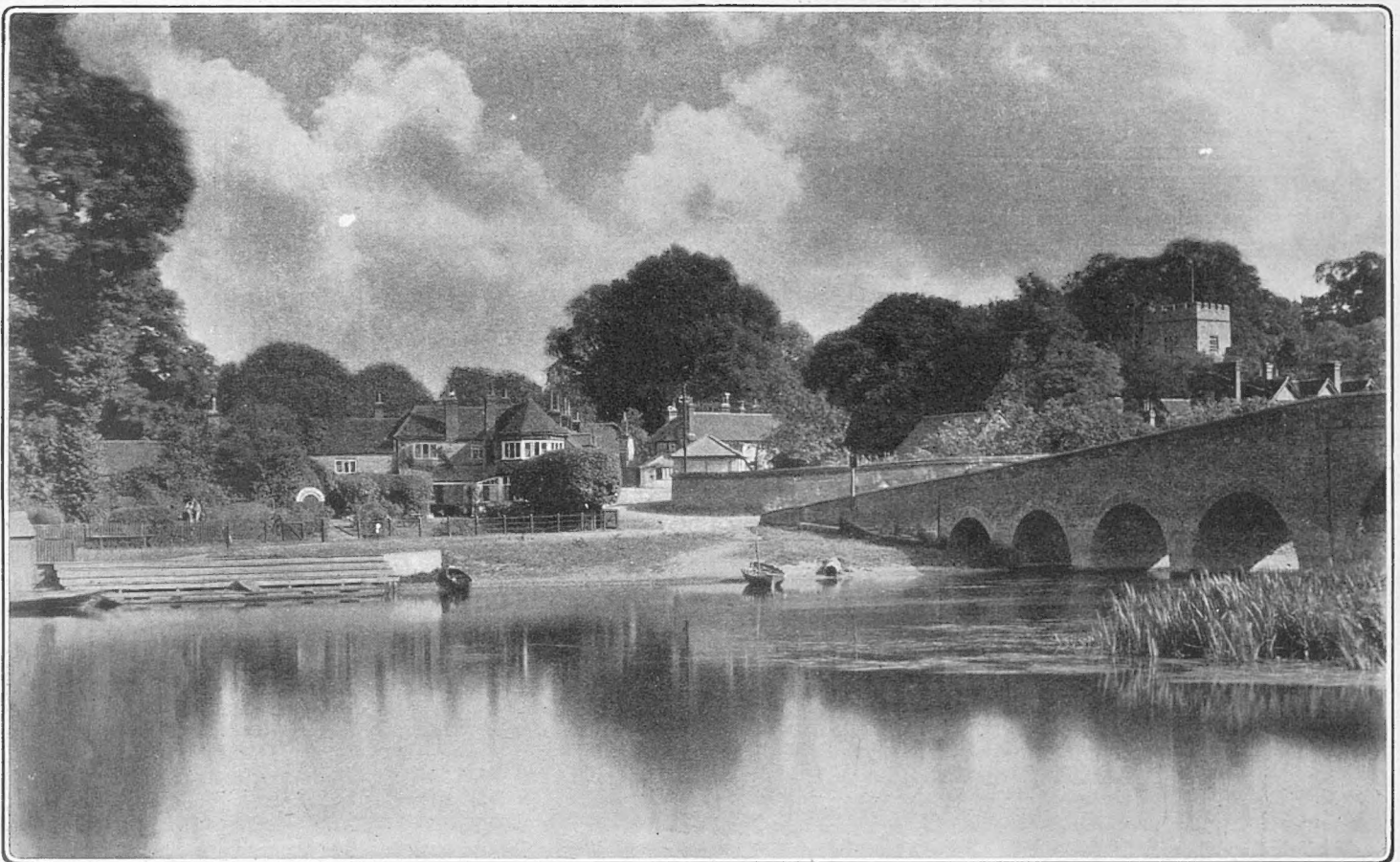
IT seems years since last I owned a grey tall-hat, but I shall have to buy another one now, for the world is sure to follow the lead the King and all the men of his party set at Goodwood, and "the man in the white hat" will no longer be an eccentric individual. I am very glad to welcome an old friend again, for the white tall-hat has many good qualities, not the least one being that there always comes a definite time when it has to be thrown away or given to a crossing-sweeper. A black silk-hat has a way of prolonging its existence which is almost irritating. When one has quite made up one's mind that the time has come when a particular hat must be cashiered, an insinuating man with a flat-iron in a barber's shop volunteers to make it look as good as new for threepence or sixpence, and so the old hat gets a new lease of existence.

With the white hat there is none of this hanging on to respectable life. A grease-spot on the grey, and the hat is ruined for life and

it was cool-looking and comfortable to wear, and at any great gathering the greys and other gentle colours blended better with the butterfly tints of the ladies' dresses than do the dark-grey coats which men have adopted in these latter days.

We seem to be coming to a time when there will be gayer colours in a man's dress. A dozen years ago, no man-about-town would wear any tie unless it was devoid of all startling colour; now the fashion has veered to neck-wear of all the primary colours. For many years the great majority of well-dressed men have not worn any flowers in the lapel of their coats. Now that the King, the Prince, and all the men of their sets have appeared with "button-holes" every day at Goodwood, the tailors will no longer protest that a button-hole throws the coat out of shape, and there will be joy in many London flower-shops.

It is to be hoped that the killing of a relative of the Mayor of San Sebastian and the wounding of a dozen other people by bullets during the encounter between a tiger and a bull in the ring will persuade the Northern Spaniards that a bull-fight is quite a sufficiently bloodthirsty entertainment, without the introduction of new features. It is in the North of Spain and at Bayonne that this new idea of ending a bull-fight by something even more cruel than the goring of horses



"SUNNY" SONNING-ON-THAMES, SHOWING THE PICTURESQUE BRIDGE AND CHURCH.

Photograph by J. T. Newman, Berkhamsted.

becomes at once a suitable present for a Christy Minstrel. We are not, I gather, to wear black bands on our tall white hats, and for that I am thankful. For the last ten years, all male London, myself included, has been wearing slight mourning for some person or persons unknown. Every new tall silk-hat that I have bought in the last decade has been furnished by the hatter with a small mourning-band, for which I have been duly charged, instead of the silk ribbon which is its natural collar. I have protested at intervals, but have been assured that "everybody wears them," which is quite unanswerable.

The blue frock-coat, with an outside pocket, which both His Majesty and the Prince of Wales wore at Goodwood, is also an old friend returned. I can remember the days when no man dreamed of getting married in any coat except a blue one, for to go to the altar in a black coat, or even in a grey one, was considered—by the tailors—to be unlucky, and it was quite possible to tell how long a man had been married by the smartness or otherwise of his blue frock-coat. As I never have approached the hymeneal altar in any more dangerous capacity than that of "best man," I have not a blue coat amongst the relics in my wardrobe, but, no doubt, my tailor will now find it absolutely necessary to make one for me.

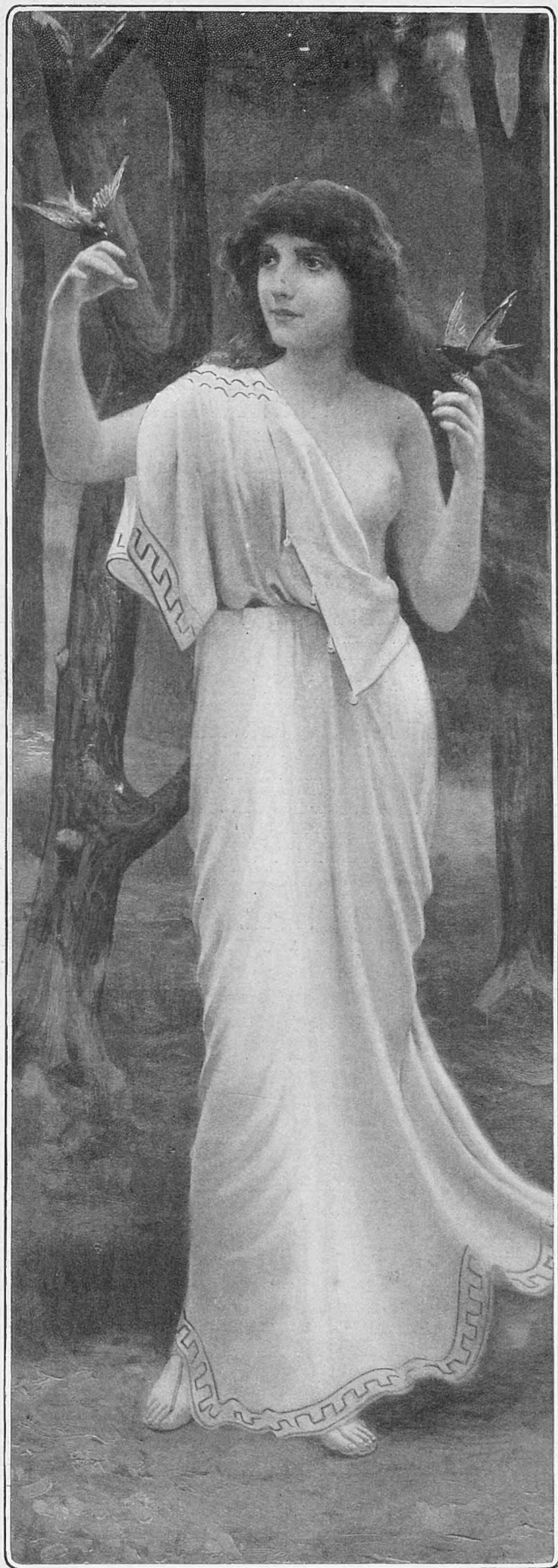
The Ascot suit of old days seems also likely to return to fashion. The very light suit of grey, or brown, or yellow in which twenty years ago men went to Ascot and to garden-parties disappeared from the fashion-plates, why I know not, and I was sorry that it did so, for

has taken root, and I rather fancy that the Frenchmen south of Bordeaux enjoy the cruelty as much, if not more, than the Spaniards.

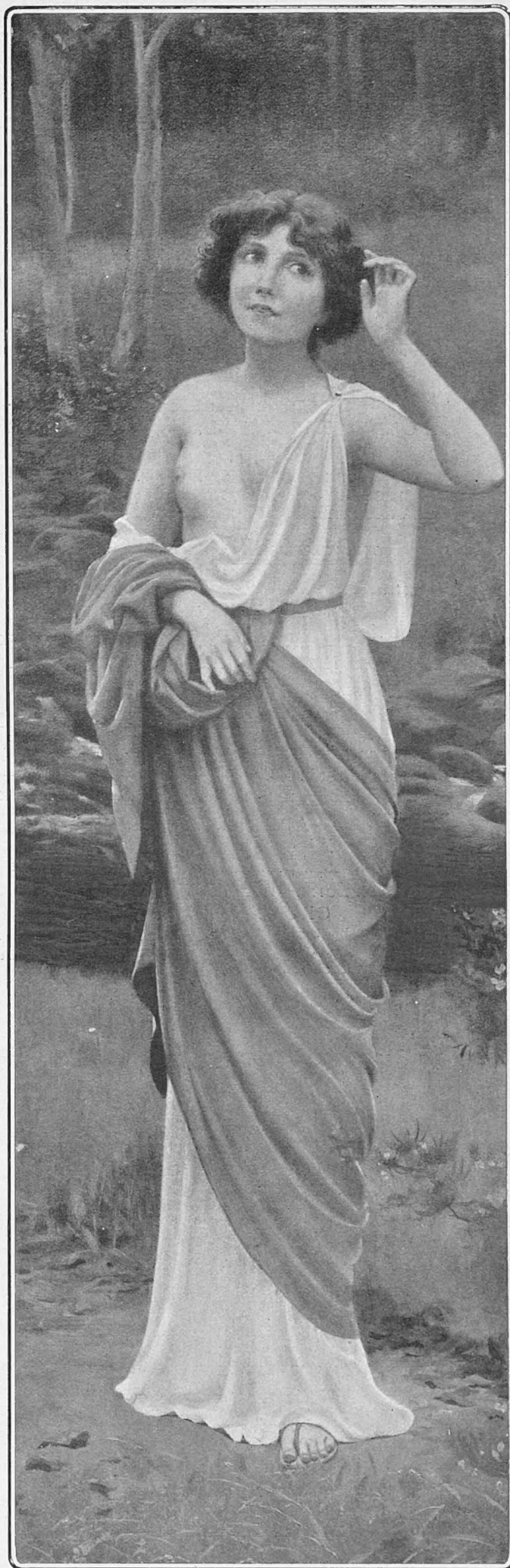
In one of the previous matches of the kind a lion was pitted against a bull. The animals felt that they had no cause of quarrel, and were unwilling to attack each other. The spectators considered they had been defrauded, and a riot was the result. One of the sensations in the bull-ring of Bayonne or San Sebastian two years ago was a combat between a man in an automobile and a bull. The man kept circling in his car, and the bull stood and wondered what new kind of contemptible beast had come into the arena. This combat, like the lion one, proved a fiasco.

In the fight, if fight it could be called, at San Sebastian, the tiger was never given a chance of winning. The bull was in perfect health and strength, having just been brought in from the pastures; the tiger had been brought from the East in a small cage, and was cramped and out of condition. It was not a fight, but a slaughter for the glorification of that Spanish national hero, the bull, and to gratify the lust for blood of the spectators satiated with disemboweling of horses and the occasional transfixing of a man. To have put men with loaded rifles round the ring was to make sure that the spectators would be hit if they fired, for the floor of a bull-ring is of hard, smooth ground, made so purposely, in order that the bull-fighters shall not trip, and off this the bullets would be certain to ricochet as though they had struck iron.

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AUGUST 6.

SCENES IN CAPTURED NEW-CHWANG.

THE "MALACCA" INCIDENT
IN PARLIAMENT.

THE GOODWOOD MEETING.

The Assassination of M. de Plehve.

OFFICE: 198, STRAND, W.C.



SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

BOTH the King and Queen are spending what has now been known for so many years as the Cowes Week on board the Royal Yacht, and the presence of the Sovereign and his Consort naturally adds lustre to the greatest and most important of yearly regattas. The yachting world, both at home and abroad, owes a great debt of gratitude to the King, for His Majesty, as Prince of Wales, and since his accession, has done everything to promote the

interests of those who own and race pleasure-craft. As always, mingling duty with pleasure, their Majesties on Friday will drive to Osborne, where they will inspect the many excellent arrangements which have been carried out there during the last few months with a view to making what was Queen Victoria's island-home a place of recuperation for those officers in need of rest.

The Queen is expected to spend a fortnight in Scotland before leaving for Denmark, and preparations are already being made at Duff House, where Her Majesty will probably be the guest of the Duke and Duchess of Fife on her way to Balmoral. The King will proceed next week to Marienbad, where he will stay at the famous Hôtel Weimar, named in memory of Goethe, who was a frequent visitor to the Bohemian watering-place. The Princess of Wales is enjoying a brief holiday abroad, first as the guest of her venerable aunt, the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, who has lately been bereaved both of her husband and of her beloved brother, the late Duke of Cambridge, and then in Switzerland. Her Royal Highness has always been very fond of the holiday-ground of Europe; she spent some happy weeks in Switzerland in company with the late Duchess of Teck shortly after the birth of Prince Edward of Wales; and the Princess again accompanied her mother there during the last summer of the Duchess's life. Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein will leave for South Africa on the 20th of this month.

The time has come when hostesses begin to count up the losses and gains of the Season. Most people agree that it has

been one of the hottest on record, and that this fact has led to the popularity of *al-fresco* entertainments and garden-parties. Some disappointment was felt that neither their Majesties nor the Prince and Princess of Wales gave an outdoor fête, as it had been thought they probably would. But the Royal Family have suffered during the last few months several severe bereavements, and the death of the Princess of Wales's two uncles naturally indisposed Her Royal Highness to receive in anything but a strictly official manner. The Season of 1904 has been essentially one of great weddings and of notable engagements, and there has been more dancing than has been the case for some years past, several really brilliant balls having taken place during the few days which preceded Goodwood Week. Many pretty dances were given in honour of the young daughters of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught enjoying a London Season for the first time. There were fewer concerts than usual, but the Opera was as brilliant and fashionable in an exclusive sense as ever it may hope to be.

The Crown Princess of Roumania.

The Crown Princess of Roumania, who is considered on the Continent to be by far the best-looking of our Sovereign's many nieces, is a very fine horsewoman, and she lately had an almost miraculous escape

from death. When riding on the side of a mountain, her horse became unmanageable and leaped over into the chasm below, the Crown Princess only just slipping off the saddle in time to avoid a frightful death. Her Royal Highness, as Princess Marie of Edinburgh, was a great deal in this country; she was only seventeen when she married King Charles of Roumania's nephew and heir. She has a great charm of manner, and is, like all her sisters, highly accomplished. The Crown Princess of Roumania has many friends in England. She also sees a good deal of the English colony during her yearly sojourn at Nice.

The news that the Prince of Wales is to emulate his father in one more instance by taking to racing will be the cause of much satisfaction to the "sport" of all degrees. The decision marks a decided change in the Prince's point of view. Not so very long ago he was treating his father's penchant for the Turf somewhat facetiously, asking "what good it was," and remarking how curious it was that one who was so lucky in yachting should fail so frequently at the "Sport of Kings." He will, doubtless, prove now in his own person the truth of Lord Marcus Beresford's dictum that even a moderate success on the Turf is worth more than winning all the yacht trophies in the kingdom. His determination to run only horses bred by himself is greeted with the heartiest commendation.



THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF THE CROWN PRINCESS OF ROUMANIA.

Taken by H. Walter Barnett, Hyde Park Corner.

Lady Ulrica Duncombe.

Lady Ulrica Duncombe, whose marriage to Colonel Everard Baring will probably be the great matrimonial function of the coming autumn, is the youngest of Lord and Lady Feversham's beautiful daughters. Since the marriage of her sister, Lady Helen Duncombe, to Sir Edgar Vincent, Lady Ulrica has been the only daughter at home, and she has often helped her parents to do the honours of their magnificent place, Duncombe Park, which, burnt down when the youngest daughter of the house was only four years old, was at once rebuilt in its original Doric style. Lady Ulrica has always been much interested in philanthropy and in social questions; she was one of the first debutantes who adopted the picturesque style of dressing, and, together with her mother's rare beauty, she has inherited Lady Feversham's artistic tastes.

The Budget at Last. The Finance Bill has been unusually difficult to pass this year. It only got through its final stages at the end of last week. Liberals scrutinised every provision with suspicion and discussed every duty, old and new, with an eye on the fiscal propaganda as well as a backward glance at the War. Mr. Austen Chamberlain was left almost alone by his Cabinet colleagues to conduct the Bill. As a rule, his only companion was Mr. Victor Cavendish, the Secretary to the Treasury, who appears to separate himself further and further from the Duke of Devonshire on fiscal questions. The tobacco duties which the Chancellor proposed have had to be modified, but otherwise the financial proposals set out in his statement in the spring have been unmodified.

A Veteran in the House. Mr. Spencer Charrington, the oldest man in the House of Commons, was present throughout the recent all-night sitting, and took part in every division. For his pluck and endurance he has been presented by his colleagues with a silver cup. Mr. Charrington, who is a member of the well-known firm of brewers bearing his name, did not enter the House till he was sixty-seven, and now he is eighty-six. He represents Mile End, with which district he is connected by his brewery, and, although his voice is never heard in debate, he is diligent in attendance and takes a keener interest in Parliamentary affairs than many younger men. The next member in age is Serjeant Hemphill, the last of the Irish Liberals.

Peers and Licensing.

What will the Lords do with the Licensing Bill? Of course, they will pass it, but members of the House of Commons who are in haste to leave London fear that they may detain it a considerable time and make important amendments. There will be great regret if Parliament sits many days beyond the Twelfth of August. Perhaps the exact number of days will depend on the Bishops. If they induce the Peers to pass amendments on the Licensing Bill which the Government cannot accept, the tossing of the measure between the two Houses will delay the prorogation.

The Irish and Parliament.

There is a rumour that a section of the Irish Nationalists propose, as a protest against the neglect of their interests, to boycott the House of Commons. Many of them have deserted it during the greater part of this Session. They have left obstruction to the Liberals, seeing that there has been no measure against which they were strongly opposed. A section of the Nationalists have steadily voted with the Government on the Licensing Bill. Mr. Redmond, however, is not likely to support a boycott. He knows that the fate of his country is fought out on the floor of the House of Commons.

A Peer's Son.

Lord Haddo, the eldest son of the Earl of Aberdeen, is coming out as a Liberal candidate at the General Election. He is to win his spurs not in Scotland, but in an English county division. Although not yet a fluent speaker, he is a capital canvasser, for he has inherited a pleasant manner from his father and mother. Lord Haddo is only twenty-five years old. His father was never a member of the House of Commons, the last of the Gordons of his branch who sat there being Sir Alexander, a son of the Lord Aberdeen who was Prime Minister and a brother of Lord Stanmore.



LADY ULRICA DUNCOMBE, ENGAGED TO BE MARRIED TO COLONEL EVERARD BARING.

Photograph by Mendelssohn, Pembroke Crescent, W.

Japan on the British Army.

The fact that the Japanese modelled their Navy on that of Great Britain, but went to Germany for a pattern Army, receives additional confirmation, if more were needed, from a conversation stated to have taken place between a subject of the Mikado and a distinguished officer of this country. The former was saying that it was, of course, "the ambition of young Japan to take on some Great European Power"; the latter suggested that England might do. To this the Japanese responded quite seriously, "Oh, no, you see that would not teach us anything; you have no Army." That was before the South African War. What would the "enlightened foreigner" say now?

The Disguised Chauffeur.

Certain of the chauffeurs of New York have rebuked the Magistrate who gave it as his opinion that it was justifiable to shoot drivers guilty of excessive speed by appearing on their cars in armour of the fifteenth century. They may deem themselves fortunate in making their experiment at a distance from Newport, where their kind have been forbidden to wear goggles rendering them unnatural in appearance, as many women complain that they have been frightened. A remedy for natural ugliness has not yet been suggested. Possibly some of the much advertised beauty-masks will meet the case. The bailiffs will be worse off than ever then.

The French Post Office was the first to allow a communication to be written on half of the address-side of a picture-postcard, and England, Russia, and Italy very quickly followed suit. Only Germany remains obstinate and refuses to allow the address and the message to appear on the same side. But there is a good though comic reason for this official obduracy, and that is the inveterate habit the Germans have of covering even the most ordinary people with long titles, so that there is no room for anything else on one side of a card. For example: "Hochwohlgeborene Frau Schneider, Oberschornsteinfegerswitwe." The German Post Office is not unwise in its generation. When all that has been written where we should write "Mrs. Schneider," there cannot be much room for a message, however curt it might be.

The Hon. Mrs. Forester.

Mrs. Charles Forester is one of the latest recruits to the great army of lady dressmakers. She is one of the sisters-in-law of Lord Forester, and was before her marriage Miss Elspeth Mackenzie. Perhaps she owes her business instinct to her Scotch blood; be that as it may, she is now the owner of what was once the Countess of Warwick's shop in Bond Street, and she has been singularly fortunate, so far, as a business-woman, for she designs and makes many of the smarter picture-gowns for which there has been of late such a craze. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Forester have a pretty place at Ascot, and their favourite amusement is yachting, Mr. Forester being a popular member of the Royal Yacht Squadron.



THE HON. MRS. CHARLES FORESTER, WHO HAS TAKEN OVER THE COUNTESS OF WARWICK'S SHOP IN BOND STREET.

Photograph by Esmé Collings, New Bond Street, W.

A Peer Polo-Player. Hurlingham—for polo, be it understood, rather than pigeons—has no more ardent devotee than the Earl of Harrington, and this although he was sixty last January. A wonderfully active man for his years, the author of “The Polo-Pony Stud-Book” is also distinguished as a



LORD HARRINGTON IN POLO-COSTUME.

Photograph by Maull and Fox, Piccadilly

of her family. They have no children, and Lord Harrington's heir is his brother, the Hon. Fitzroy Stanhope.

A “Fishy” Tax-Gatherer. The ingenious French tax-gatherer who has combated the heat-wave by conducting his business while immersed in a barrel of cold water speedily found himself in a hotter temperature. The authorities, ignoring the Diogenes-like aspect of his attitude, have dismissed their too amphibious representative. Possibly they deemed his conduct too fishy for the credit of officialdom.

It has been suggested that confirmed “Bridge-maniacs” should justify their existence by giving a percentage of their winnings to some charity. A lover of the popular game, who, apparently, is not particularly fortunate in his play, contributes the following lines, which he entitles “The Gambler to his Wife”—

You call me a gambler. You say that I lose
At Bridge many hundreds a year;
In your daily tirades against gaming, the views
You express are distinctly severe.
You state that that lucky old Colonel McCall
Is a person who ought to be shunned,
And forget that he gives a percentage of all
That he wins to the Hospital Fund.

I know that our worthy purveyor of bread
Has called for his money to-day;
I'm fully aware that our grocer has said
That he “doesn't give sugar away.”
If I cannot oblige them, not mine be the blame,
For look but around and you'll see
That the deaf and the blind and the halt and the lame
Are showing their blessings on me.

That I never displayed mere devotion to self,
Oh! that has been ever my boast:
So my life-work it is to distribute my pelf
Among those who are needing it most;
And shortly a hospital proof will afford
That I mean ev'ry word that I say,
For it's going to open a “Robinson Ward”
Endowed by my losses at play.

Taxing Walking Advertisements.

The bald-headed Parisians who have been utilising Nature's most frequent and embarrassing vagary by letting their heads as “eligible sites” for advertisements, in the manner long beloved of the comic paper, but apparently unpractised in reality hitherto, have met their Waterloo in the person of an ingenious gendarme. This worthy, whose sense of humour is evidently as keen as his knowledge of French law is extensive, has just charged a walking announcement with being an unlicensed advertisement, his pate not bearing the customary official stamp. It is not yet determined whether the bare-headed ones will subject to the indignity of classification with the hoardings, or whether they will, in desperation, fall back upon the profession of the nobleman with the bald head of *Punch* fame.

“The Tuppenny Tube Empire.”

The *Sydney Bulletin*, undeceived by England's apparent craving for Imperialism of thought, word, and deed, has administered a sounding whack upon London's knuckles. “There is no such thing as an Imperial sentiment in London,” it states with the certainty of conviction. “There is not even patriotism. In the eyes of the Londoner the British Empire extends from the Bank to Shepherd's Bush—the eight miles that are covered by the Tuppenny Tube. As for England, that is one of London's dependencies, and in various corners of the globe he is aware that there are a number of spots, useful in their insignificant way to the Tuppenny Tube Empire, which he lumps together in the generic term of ‘The Colonies.’” Bow the head, ye dwellers in the Kingdom of Gog and Magog.

The Governor of the Cape.

Sir Walter Hely-Hutchinson, who has come over on a well-earned holiday, will be fifty-five next month, and has spent his life in the service of his country in various Colonies. How he came to do this is rather curious. Having had a good time at Harrow and Trinity, Cambridge, he was about to be called to the Bar, when his brother, the late Lord Donoughmore, invited him to his wedding at Hobart, Tasmania. He went, at thirty-six hours' notice, and while at the Antipodes he met Sir Hercules Robinson (afterwards Lord Rosmead), who took him as Attaché when he went to annex Fiji. It was a good day, not only for Fiji, but also for the unconscious New South Wales, Barbados, Malta, the Windward Isles, Natal, Zululand, Amatongaland, and Cape Colony, all of which Colonies young Hely-Hutchinson was destined to govern or help in governing. For he is a perfectly ideal man for such work. Like all good Irishmen, he has kissed a certain famous stone; and he has also abundance of tact, sane judgment, and a gift of getting on with strangers. He is also exceptionally cultivated, well-read, and well-informed, and is an admirable speaker. Lady Hely-Hutchinson, who is very clever and wrote a charming little story called “Monica Grey,” is the daughter of Major-General Clive Justice. She has been a great help to her husband in the philanthropic work rendered necessary by the late War. Sir Walter presided over the birth of representative government in Natal, and since 1901 he has been a conspicuous success in his difficult and delicate position as Governor of Cape Colony.



SIR W. F. HELY-HUTCHINSON, GOVERNOR OF CAPE COLONY.

Photograph by Vandyk

*The Headquarters
of the "R.Y.S."*

"The Castle"—as the charming Club-house of the "R.Y.S." is always called at Cowes—was once Royal property, and there still remain traces of the grim fort, one of many built by Henry VIII. to defend his country from the French or Spanish invader. The spacious house which succeeded the Castle and the delightful garden surrounding it were bought by the Royal Yacht Club forty years ago, and since then innumerable improvements have been added to the original building, including the famous deck or look-out station of the Club, which has been described as combining the charms of a man-of-war deck, of a conservatory, and of a smoking-room. The "Jockey Club of the Ocean," as the "R.Y.S." has been called, is the most exclusive Club in the world. The King was till his accession Commodore of the "R.Y.S.," and probably the pleasantest week of the year is to both the King and Queen the Cowes Week.

*Two Famous
Yachtsmen.*

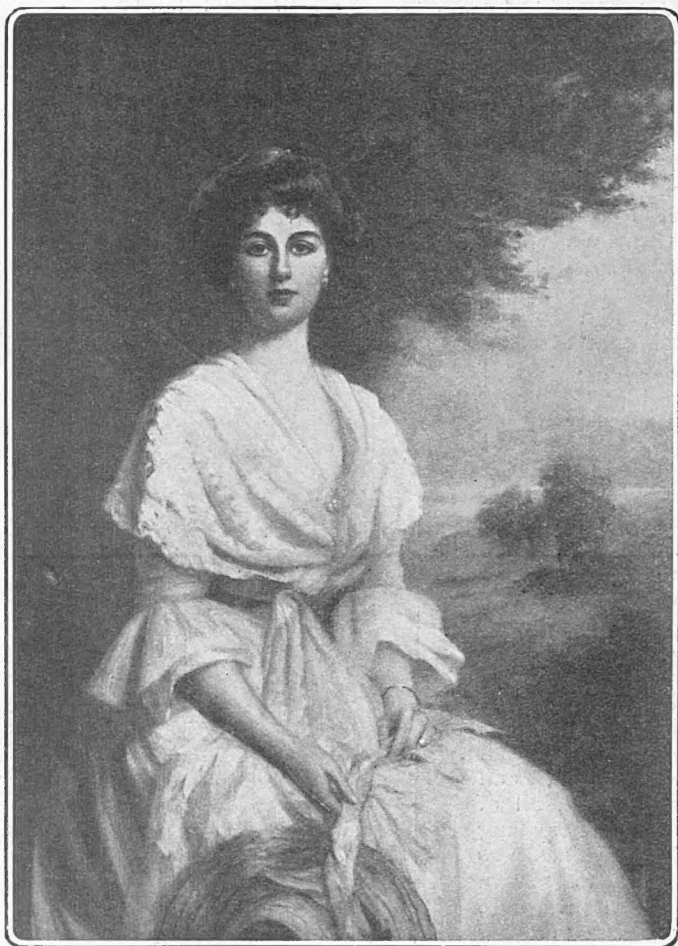
Lord Ormonde, the Commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron, and Sir Allen Young, who is a well-known member of that exclusive Club, may be considered the two leaders of the typically British sport of yachting. Though the head of the house of Butler is now fifty, it is not difficult to believe that in his younger days he was thought to be quite the handsomest man in the three kingdoms. Lord Ormonde's union with

*Some Noted
Yachtswomen.*

There are many noted yachtswomen; particularly may be singled out, in addition to the wives and daughters of those intimately connected with the "R.Y.S.," Mrs. Cornwallis-West and her two daughters, Princess Henry of Pless and the Duchess of Westminster; Consuelo, Duchess of Manchester, Lady Iveagh; Georgiana, Lady Dudley, and her daughter, Lady Wolverton; the young Duchess of Roxburghe and her sisters-in-law, notably Lady Evelyn Innes-Ker; Lady Constance De La Warr and her two daughters, Lady Llangattock, Mrs. Dick-Cunyngham, the Lady-in-Waiting to Princess Christian; and last, not least, among Royal ladies Princess Henry of Battenberg, who when in the Isle of Wight spends a good deal of time on the sea, the Crown Princess Stephanie of Austria, and her sister, Princess Clementine of Belgium.

*An Irish Yachting
Peeress.*

Lady Annesley, who is the veteran Irish Earl's second wife, spends much of the summer on the *Seabird*, her own and Lord Annesley's beautiful yacht—indeed, she is one of the few fair yachtswomen who can look back to having had a yachting honeymoon. She does a good deal of boating when at Castlewellan, her lovely Irish home close to the Mourne Mountains, and she is the leading amateur fisherwoman of the day. Lady Annesley's love of the sea is shared by her two little daughters, Lady Clare and Lady Constance.



LADY HELEN STAVORDALE.

Photographed by Ellis Roberts.

the brilliant Lady Elizabeth Grosvenor, one of the late Duke of Westminster's numerous daughters, linked two kindred spirits, for she is quite as fond of yachting as is her husband. The Lord of glorious Kilkenny Castle holds a master-mariner's certificate and commands his own yacht. Sir Allen Young, though not "born in the purple" as Lord Ormonde was, is very well known and appreciated in Society. More years ago than seems possible when you contemplate his hale and hearty frame, he entered the mercantile marine, and served in the Crimean War, the Franklin Expedition, the operations against the Taiping rebels in China, and at Suakin. Moreover, he commanded the *Pandora* Arctic Expedition in the 'seventies, and holds a commission in the Royal Naval Reserve.

*An Imperial
Yachtswoman.*

The Empress Eugénie learnt to love yachting after she came to this country. Of late years—that is, since her son's death—she has spent more and more time on her splendid sea-going home, the *Thistle*. This Imperial yacht, though in no sense luxurious, has peculiarly charming fittings indicative of its owner's exquisite taste. The Empress often asks English friends to join her in a yachting trip, perhaps her favourite seafaring companions being Princess Henry of Battenberg and the latter's young daughter, who is a god-daughter and namesake of the ex-Empress of the French. The *Thistle* spends half the year in British and half the year in French waters, for when Her Imperial Majesty is residing in her villa on the Mediterranean the *Thistle* is moored close to Mentone.



THE COUNTESS OF LEITRIM.

Photograph by H. Walter Barnett, Hyde Park Corner.

*Lady Helen
Stavordale.*

Lady Helen Stavordale, who has of late been somewhat seriously ill, is not only married to the heir of the most beautiful of historic London mansions, Holland House, but she is herself the only daughter of one of the greatest of British nobles, namely, Lord Londonderry. As Lady Helen Stewart she took a prominent position both in the frivolous and in the philanthropic sections of the great world, for Lady Londonderry is exceedingly delicate, and her daughter often had to take her place. Lady Helen shares her husband's love of sport and is a fine horsewoman; of late she has done a good deal of motoring.

*The Countess of
Leitrim.*

Lady Leitrim is one of the prettiest and most sympathetic of twentieth-century Peeresses, and she has already become very popular in Ireland, especially in the neighbourhood of her husband's beautiful home, Mulroy House, which stands on the shores of the bay from which it takes its name. Lord Leitrim, who is a grandson through his mother of the aged Earl of Leicester, is a keen soldier. When he first went out to South Africa he was not of age, and he celebrated his twenty-first birthday in Pretoria while a prisoner of the late Mr. Kruger. His return to this country was soon followed by his marriage to Miss Violet Henderson, the only daughter of a former Director of the Bank of England. Almost immediately after the marriage came the terrible illness of the youthful Peeress of diphtheria. Lord and Lady Leitrim spent the greater part of last year at Mulroy House. Lord Leitrim takes an enthusiastic interest in the neighbourhood.

ART IN PHOTOGRAPHY: A CHARMING FRENCH STUDY.



MDLLE. MARGUERITE BRÉSIL, THE WELL-KNOWN COMÉDIENNE.

Photograph by Reutlinger, Paris.

COWES REGATTA: TWO INTERESTING PHOTOGRAPHS.

(SEE "SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.")



THE EMPRESS EUGÉNIE'S CABIN ON BOARD THE STEAM-YACHT "THISTLE."



"THE CASTLE," HEADQUARTERS OF THE ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON.

Photographs by Russell and Sons, Southsea.

COWES REGATTA: SOME LEADING HOSTESSES.

(SEE "SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.")



MRS. DICK-CUNYNGHAM.
Photograph by Russell and Sons, Southsea.



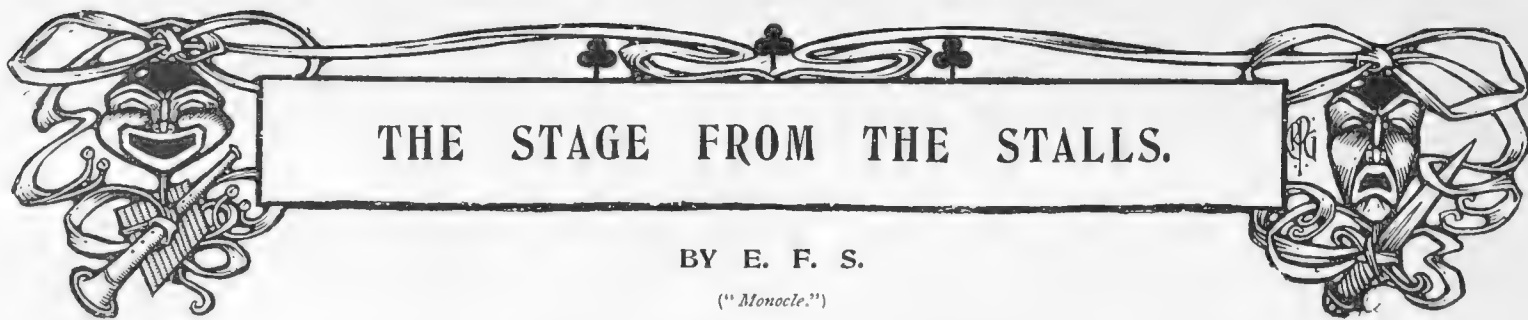
THE COUNTESS ANNESLEY.
Photograph by Kirk.



LADY EVELYN INNES-KER.
Photograph by Russell and Sons, Southsea.



THE MARCHIONESS OF ORMONDE.
Photograph by Russell and Sons, Southsea.



THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

BY E. F. S.

("Monocle.")

THE BALANCE-SHEET OF THE SEASON.

THIS evening the so-called West-End theatres of London will offer to its inhabitants, to country cousins, Colonials, and foreigners seven entertainments—one comic opera, five musical farces and musical comedies, and one non-musical farce, the last-named being supplemented by a short music-hall entertainment. It seems a little surprising; it is very surprising, and brings

sharply to mind the fact that the past season has been notoriously disastrous to theatres; indeed, it has been noteworthy for three things—the prodigious crop of failures, the civil war between theatres and music-halls, and the opening of Mr. Beerbohm Tree's Academy. Of the non-musical plays produced since last July only one has had a long run, and that is "The Duke of Killicrankie," originally presented on Jan. 21, and consequently rather more than six months old. No doubt, there has been an element of luck in its success, since other cleverer plays of the same season are dead already. The novel works of legitimate drama produced seriously for a run are comparatively



MR. JEROME K. JEROME, WHO IS AT WORK ON A NEW COMEDY.

Photograph by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.

numerous—"Em'ly," "The Cardinal," "Billie's Little Love Affair," "Little Mary," "The Golden Silence," "Letty," "The Cricket on the Hearth," "The Darling of the Gods," "Tom Pinch," "The Climbers," "The Flood Tide," "The Question," "Joseph Entangled," "Love in a Cottage," "The Duke of Killicrankie," "A Queen's Romance," "My Lady of Rosedale," "Captain Dieppe," "The Arm of the Law," "Love's Carnival," "The Sword of the King," "Sunday," "Saturday to Monday," "The Wheat King," "The Rich Mrs. Repton," "The House of Burnside," "The Fairy's Dilemma," "The Bride and Bridegroom," "Cynthia," "Miss Elizabeth's Prisoner," "A Gentleman of France," "The Edge of the Storm," "Lady Flirt," "Warp and Woof," and "The Finishing School."

In addition to these thirty-five were four or five new farces. Add to the musical pieces now running "Dolly Varden," "The Cherry Girl," "Amorelle," "A Maid from School," "The Duchess of Dantzic," and "The Love Birds," and you get the regular English novel productions of the season, irrespective of one-Act plays, but including, of course, all of whatever origin that were given in English. I am not acquainted with box-office secrets, but think I can safely assert that barely half-a-dozen of the legitimate works out of the thirty-five failed to lose money, and I am sure that most of them deserved their failure, judging them by any lofty standard, though a good many merited moderate success, when compared in quality with the triumphant musico-dramatic pieces.

Looking from another point of view, one finds a single play belonging to the first class, "Letty," though not quite a first-class specimen of its class, and here ends Mr. Pinero's budget. Mr. Henry Arthur Jones was represented by "Joseph Entangled," a clever comedy, yet not of his finest, which, whilst fairly successful, had less favour than it deserved. Mr. Esmond's "Billy's Little Love Affair" was a comparatively poor specimen of his charming work. "The Rich Mrs. Repton"

did little for the reputation of Mr. Carton, and less for the benefit of the manager's purse. Mr. J. M. Barrie's clever, amusing joke, "Little Mary," promised a tremendous run, and broke its promise, though, no doubt, it made a great deal of money and has enriched (?) the language. I should have mentioned earlier Mr. W. S. Gilbert, who has contributed more to current speech than all the others together. His quaint, amusing skit, "The Fairy's Dilemma," may, perhaps, be reckoned one of the "hits" of the season. Mr. Parker's play, "The Cardinal," did not enjoy in London the success it earned in America, and his adaptation, "The House of Burnside," did not live long. Mr. Anthony Hope's "Captain Dieppe" seemed to me very ingenious and amusing. Indeed, I much preferred it to "The Duke of Killicrankie," but happened to be in a large minority. "The Golden Silence," Mr. Haddon Chambers' first contribution after rather long inactivity, did not keep its place "under the clock" for many weeks. Mr. H. Davies had a vigorous check in his career with "Cynthia," but it is difficult to understand why it failed so completely. No great skill is required to discover why Mr. Law's play, "The Bride and Bridegroom," failed to catch the public taste or to render the critics enthusiastic. Mr. Comyns Carr's adaptation, "My Lady of Rosedale," had what nowadays is regarded as a short run, a fact that surprised few people after the first-night. The gorgeously mounted American work, "The Darling of the Gods," must be reckoned among the successes. The other important American work, "The Climbers," scored another notch against the indefatigable Mr. Clyde Fitch.

Now, as regards the writers of less definitely accepted position. "Saturday to Monday" started badly, but was pulled together, and ran from mid-April to the close of the St. James's: it has hardly enhanced the reputations of Messrs. Frederick Fenn and Richard Pryce. On the other hand, the one-Act play, "'Op o' Me Thumb," by the same authors, was a remarkably clever little work that figures well on the credit side of the balance-sheet. "Love's Carnival" was withdrawn with a frank confession of failure. "Miss Elizabeth's Prisoner" has, I believe, made money to a substantial extent, and is an agreeable specimen of its class. "Sunday" has enjoyed a fairly long career. "The Sword of the King" was quickly cut off. The anonymous adapter of "La Robe Rouge" certainly was unlucky with his interesting play, "The Arm of the Law," which had a surprisingly short life. "Lady Flirt," if a somewhat hackneyed, commonplace affair, has done good service for the Haymarket. Mr. Max Pemberton's play, "The Finishing School," though warmly praised by some of the critics, was a cautious, conservative venture on his part which did not catch the public taste and does not show whether or no he is likely to become a dramatist of importance. The most promising of the works among the thirty-five seems to be "Warp and Woof," by the Hon. Mrs. Lyttelton, in which some parts of a strong subject were treated excellently; but again it must be added that the public was not much moved.

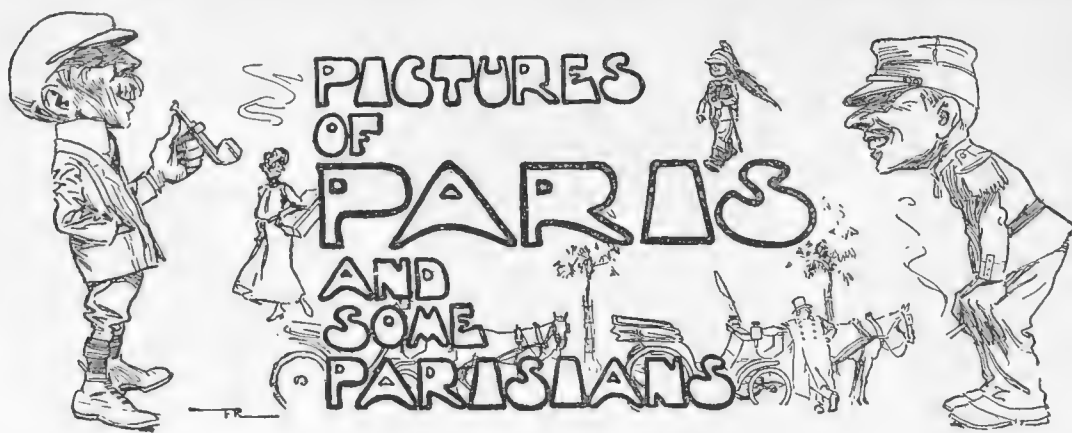
Of the one-Act plays produced for a run, none save "'Op o' Me Thumb" were very remarkable, but there was some merit in the horrible "The Soothing System," in Mr. Maarten Maartens' quietly humorous play, "The Jailbird," in Mrs. Anstruther's clever piece, "Old Clothes," and in "The Password." The Poet Laureate's comedietta, "A Lesson in Harmony," fell rather flat, despite some clever preliminary paragraphing. Mr. Malcolm Watson's play, "The Conversion of Nat Sturge," made quite a "hit." It may be noted that four of these were presented at the Garrick, and Mr. Bouchier, who has avoided the deplorable policy of using non-theatrical turns as *lever de rideau*, deserves considerable gratitude for his anxiety to help the young dramatists.

It will be seen that, on the whole, this is a record of timid and unsuccessful mediocrity, despite some agreeable exceptions, and, if confined to consideration of the ordinary productions for a run in the West-End theatres, one must take a gloomy view of managers, authors, and public. Next week I propose to deal with the other productions of a very busy season, and the tale is brighter, even if not so flattering as in some former years. There remains also, of course, the question of the acting, which has been more discussed than ever, in consequence of the opening with a flourish of trumpets of Mr. Beerbohm Tree's Academy. The reader may ask himself whether any of the thirty-five which I suggest have had less than their deserved success suffered vitally by reason of indifferent performance. Perhaps some did, but not in cases where any Academy would have saved the case.

THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.



TAKEN (EXCLUSIVELY FOR "THE SKETCH") IN THE GROUNDS OF LAMBETH PALACE.



By JOHN N. RAPHAEL.

Illustrated by FRANK REYNOLDS, R.I.

VIII.—THE "MOULIN DE LA GALETTE."

WE had lost Harold. After depositing Mademoiselle's cloak and our canes at the counter, we had been standing at the top of the stairway which leads to the ball-room, when he whispered in a steam-whistle whisper something about his "Cosy Corner Girl" and disappeared with a whoop down the balustrade.

"Shall we, too, plunge into the amazing dance?" remarked the Vicomte, proverbially if incorrectly, and in a moment we were in it.

I was dancing with Mademoiselle, the Vicomte had been captured by a young lady in a transparent blouse with pink ribbons underneath it, and the New Yorker was being shaded from the summer heat under a flopping, feathery hat which tickled the nape of his neck as he and his partner bobbed round together.

And bob they did, and so did we, and so did everybody. Nor, till the wild exhilaration of the music ceased, had we a moment's thought for anything but bobbing, and, when it did cease, every man and woman on the floor stood where they stopped, and sent a long-drawn and shrill scream of "Bis!" (encore) up to the orchestra perched in the balcony above us. Then "the amazing dance" went on again, till everyone was out of breath.

Right round the immense parquet-floor a balustrade, two feet above its level.

Inside the balustrade, small tables at which drinks were served. At every table two or four or six, the sexes evenly divided, *chacun* with his *chacune*, and all intensely and vociferously happy.

And then M. Debrey, whose ancestors have owned the Mill since the days when it ground real flour, and was as far out in the country as Poissy is to-day, captured the Vicomte, called him "My old, my good, my little one," kissed him on both cheeks, as people in this country have a way of doing, and retired with him.

A young gentleman of fashion, clad in a grey felt hat, a black frock-coat, a tie like popping seaweed, a dress-waistcoat, an accordion-pleated shirt, and yellow shoes, came up and murmured that he'd like to waltz the "jolie English môme" a bit if Misters would permit. And the New Yorker, Harold, and myself were left for a short time to our own devices, for Harold had turned up again, breathless but happy, and explained that he had been kidnapped, had danced till he could dance no more, and wanted now to drink or die.

The New Yorker's own device was a plump young lady in a sailor-hat, with a damp pocket-handkerchief and red morocco boots which mounted half-way up a very shapely calf. There was no doubt of this, because, when we admired the boots, she put them on the table for inspection.

She was, she told us, a model, though no one would have imagined it from her behaviour, and, as a proof, she displayed a very rumpled picture-postcard of a Venus

rising from totally inadequate sea-waves, which represented her at work, she said. She was extremely anxious to sell us this picture-postcard for a franc, but more, I fancy, so as to make conversation than from a wish for filthy lucre. And, after some ten minutes, when she found that we would neither buy nor dance, she upset two bocks at an adjoining table and departed.

Another dance began. It was a waltz this time, and we three sat at our small table and looked on. The dancing was distinctly varied. One or two people merely waltzed, but these were foreigners. The majority clasped one another round the waist, put their two noses close together, and, with the rest of them at an acute angle, revolved with teetotum swiftness.

And nearly everyone in the huge hall was dancing. Not only men and ladies, but ladies together, and occasionally men together, too. Some of the women were quite exquisitely graceful, most of the men made up in energy whatever they might lack in grace, and here and there among the revolving couples were bourgeois pairs who plodded through the dance with serious faces, working extremely hard, and evidently determined to dance till the music stopped or die.

Debrey and the Vicomte then came back, and the frock-coated gentleman brought Mademoiselle back to us, and in the interval before "le kakawak" we learned something of the "Moulin de la Galette's" past history.

A hundred years ago or more, when Montmartre was a country village, and the Rue Lepic a meadow, the Moulin was the home of "le meunier Debrey," a real miller with a real flour-covered hat. And, from as far away as St. Denis, the farmers brought their grain for him to grind. The old man's bedroom and the bed he slept in still exist, as do the mill-stones, but the great barn to which the exquisites and the "Lorettes" of former days came out to dance and sup after a country picnic is now the dancing-hall I have described.

The Mill has seen some fighting and has been battered by German cannon and Communard rifle-balls, and not far from it is the famous wall against which members of the Commune met their death.

Debrey had got so far, when the orchestra struck up "le kakawak." Do not, I beg of you, imagine anything so tame as "cake-walking." Montmartre's legs twisted themselves into the quaintest corkscrews, Montmartre's screams would, doubtless, have made the welkin ring if we had had one with us, and the contortions of Montmartre drew from the Vicomte the peculiar explanation that "in the 'kakawak,' the object was to make so far as possible your topsy be upon your turvy."

And, with the last wild whoop and last orchestral crash, the ball was over, and most of the lights went out, and, as so many of the lights had gone, we went out too.



Murmured that he'd like to waltz.



"Chacun" with his "Chacune."

Pictures of Paris and Some Parisians.

By Frank Reynolds, R.I.



"THE DANCING WAS DISTINCTLY VARIED."

SOME FAMOUS PRIVATE LAKES.

IN Persia a man's rank and wealth can be fairly gauged by seeing how much water there is in his garden, and only the Shah and his Grand Vizier can boast of anything like a real lake in the grounds of their palaces.

There was a time in England when the possession of a wide piece of water was considered a proof of fine taste as well as of great fortune, and those noblemen who were not so naturally blessed by Providence went to immense expense in order to create in their private

visitors also often boat on the smooth waters, and several improvements have been made, both to the upper and the lower lake, even during the present Duke's reign at Blenheim.

Elvaston Castle, the seat of Lord and Lady Harrington, is a particularly interesting example of what can be done with uninteresting and ungrateful natural surroundings. This splendid place, now famed through the length and breadth of the horticultural world for its wonderful gardens and for its astonishing topiary specimens, was created, early in the last century, by the then Earl of Harrington and a certain William Baron, who was famed for his skill in the work of transplanting trees. Together they also planned and created the extraordinary artificial lake, of which the great Duke of Wellington—who so seldom noticed anything in Nature—is said to have observed that it was studded with the most natural artificial rocks he had ever seen.

In Derbyshire, also, is the ancient Melbourne Hall, which once belonged to the famous statesman who took his title from this property, and which boasts of a lake more picturesque, perhaps because more natural, than those seen in the grounds of its more stately neighbours.

Osmaston, also famous for its beautiful lake, is close to Ashbourne, known to all enthusiastic anglers as the portal to that gentle stream, the Dove, beloved of Wordsworth and of Izaak Walton.

Alton Towers, the most splendid of the Earl of Shrewsbury's beautiful seats, is embellished with many exquisite pieces of water, and here also we see what man has been able to do in contravention to Nature, for, splendid as is the wild scenery which surrounds this magnificent country seat, when the fifteenth Earl of Shrewsbury—he who "made the desert smile"—set to work there were but few trees at Alton and scarcely any water. As was at the time so much the fashion, one of the first things the noble Earl put in hand was a great artificial lake, fed with a supply of pure water from the neighbouring hills; and, in this connection, it may be added that, not content with creating "pools of peace," those to whom the stately homes

of England owe many a broad piece of water took care to have them well stocked with fish, and did all in their power to attract there the rarer kinds of water-fowl. It is an interesting fact that when the King wished to re-stock the lake at Buckingham Palace with trout it was to Lord Denbigh that he turned for aid.

This is not the place to deal with artificial waters of a more modern origin, such, for instance, as the splendid lakes at Lea Park, marvels of twentieth-century engineering. Then there are many minor lakes which have been turned into exquisite water-gardens. This is the case at Broughton Castle, the seat of Lord Saye and Sele, now let to Lord and Lady Algernon Gordon-Lennox.



THE FAMOUS LAKE AT BLENHEIM, SHOWING THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH'S TEA-ROOM.

Photograph by Gilman.

grounds vast artificial lakes, acres and acres of good garden-land being sometimes thus utilised to add to the glory of their possessor. To such a mania was this love of water carried during one moment in our social history that lakes, canals, and water-falls were accounted of much greater importance than the stately pleasaunces which had added grace and charm to so many mediæval castles and manors, and, though the long artificial canals; many of them made in exact imitation of those at Versailles, have been, for the most part, filled up, several of the loveliest private lakes in the country first owed their being to water-loving owners of the stately demesnes which they adorn.

Few private lakes are more justly famed than that which adorns the beautiful grounds of Blenheim Palace. When the great pile was raised by that strange and powerful woman of genius, Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, only a slender brook ran through the estate, and it was in reference to the great bridge built by Sarah over this little stream that an unkind wit wrote of the first owner of Blenheim, "The arch his high ambition shows, The stream an emblem of his bounty flows." And Walpole wrote of this same stream and the splendid bridge which spanned it, "Like a beggar at the old Duchess's gate, it in vain begs pitifully for a drop of water."

It is sad to think that Duchess Sarah did not live to see the great bridge erected by her spanning the noble sheet of water which is now one of the principal glories of Blenheim. Not till long after her death were the epigrams drowned by the great landscape-gardener, "Capability Brown." His genius created the present splendid lake which gives so much dignity and beauty to the Duke of Marlborough's country seat.

"Capability Brown," as his name implies, had a wonderful power of finding out what could or could not be done within the limits of a new estate, and he was especially famous, in his day, for the many clever uses to which he could put water, and it may be doubted whether he was ever more successful than at Blenheim, for there the lake has the appearance of absolute Nature, and this, as may be imagined, is not easy to bring about when an artificial piece of water is in question.

The present Duchess of Marlborough is very fond of the beautiful lake at Blenheim, and has a charming tea-room on its banks; she and her



THE LAKE AT OSMASTON HALL, SIR PETER CARLAW WALKER'S SEAT IN DERBYSHIRE.

Photograph by Keene, Derby.

SOME FAMOUS PRIVATE LAKES.



THE BEAUTIFUL LAKE AT ELVASTON CASTLE, LORD HARRINGTON'S DERBYSHIRE HOME.



ONE OF THE PRETTY LAKES AT ALTON TOWERS, THE EARL OF SHREWSBURY'S RESIDENCE NEAR STOKE-UPON-TRENT.



THE PICTURESQUE LAKE AT MELBOURNE HALL, AT ONE TIME THE SEAT OF THE FAMOUS STATESMAN, LORD MELBOURNE.

Photographs by Keene, Derby.

AT HARVESTING.

By L. PARRY TRUSCOTT.

IN the spring he kissed her. His heart was stirred with the beauty, the freshness, of the budding year; his heart was warmed and uplifted with the gay, the impudent spring sunshine. A tenderness of pink and white and transparent green covered the trees; dazzlingly blue and white was the sky above, and his heart was singing, singing its echo of the world's new-born delight. Because he was thankful to be alive, because he was in love with life, he turned to the girl at his side—and he kissed her.

Soon after that he went away. This lad, so easily moved by Nature's witchery, was doomed to live in a city, murky and drab. Exile, he called it, and before going forth to face it—having rung for himself a very dirge of pity in her ears—he gave the girl a promise of return.

"At Harvesting," he said, "I'll come again."

He liked the words. They had caught his wandering fancy. At Harvesting! He could shut his eyes and colour a pale-tinted spring world with gold and purple and crimson in the time it took to say them.

"At Harvesting," he repeated, "I'll come."

"To me?" she said. "To me?" She fixed her faithful eyes on him, and they were swimming in tears. Should he let those salt tears fall, and spoil with sorrow their last short hour when he might so easily save it? No, let him save his hour at all hazards, for he only loved the joys of life; its sorrows so hurt his gaze that he must be for ever turning his back on them.

"To you," he promised, and her faithful eyes took back their tears.

A woman may be less than pretty, and yet be lifted by the strength of her love beyond simple prettiness—an effect of youth and features,

after all—to a rare, ripe beauty just now and then for the sole delight of the man she loves. So she grew beautiful for him at that moment, and the new radiance clung to her until he left her; transformed her as he said his last good-bye. It gave him the first genuine impulse towards her as a woman to be wooed with diligence and kept with care.

Then why not marry her and make her his? Was she not a child of the woods and fields—the smiling, romance-scented woods and fields of his town-bred worship? He pondered the idea quite a number of times between the spring and autumn of that year. Whenever the sky was more deeply blue and the air was soft, he would turn with a vague, troubled longing to the thought of the girl with the faithful eyes. He would call up in his memory the small, patient figure standing out against a background of many-hued spring flowers, and wistful and sweet her voice would ring again—"To me?"

Surely—to her! Who else so dear? To her—at Harvesting. But, in the meantime, even in the drab, murky city, summer-time discovered for him her roses.

And when the corn was ready for the harvest, it happened that a lady who had always kept herself icily cold to him melted, for a moment, to suggest his adding himself to the number of her followers to a fashionable Continental watering-place. It was a triumph, and he couldn't resist a triumph, though a broken promise lay on his road to it. It was a triumph over the past of her disdain, but it offered nothing definite for the future, and he knew it. Perhaps Fate willed it so, that he should pay with a heart for a heart unclaimed. For in going he broke down the last barrier he had set up between himself and love for a woman who had never for a moment pretended to care for him except as one more eager and presentable youth to swell her train.

And certainly she had never even heard of the girl with the faithful eyes, for she wasn't one of the themes he ornamented with his practised tongue; and, when he failed to keep his appointment that Harvesting, he buried even the thought of her as well as he was able—but with varying success. If his Lady smiled, it was fairly easily done. If his Lady frowned, it was quite impossible.

Once, when his Lady had been unusually disdainful, he burnt the picture of a cornfield which he had bought at an extravagant price: it happened in the spring, when memories are always rife. He had bought it for remembrance, too—and there are some things better not remembered, he decided, when by your own foolishness you have set them also beyond recall. Another Harvesting would crown another summer, but it would be absurd to go a year too late.

Yet in the end he went, and he was three years overdue.

But, such are men, and such, by God's good grace, are still a few sweet women, he found her where, in spite of all he told himself, he expected to find her—in a land of golden corn, and waiting for him.

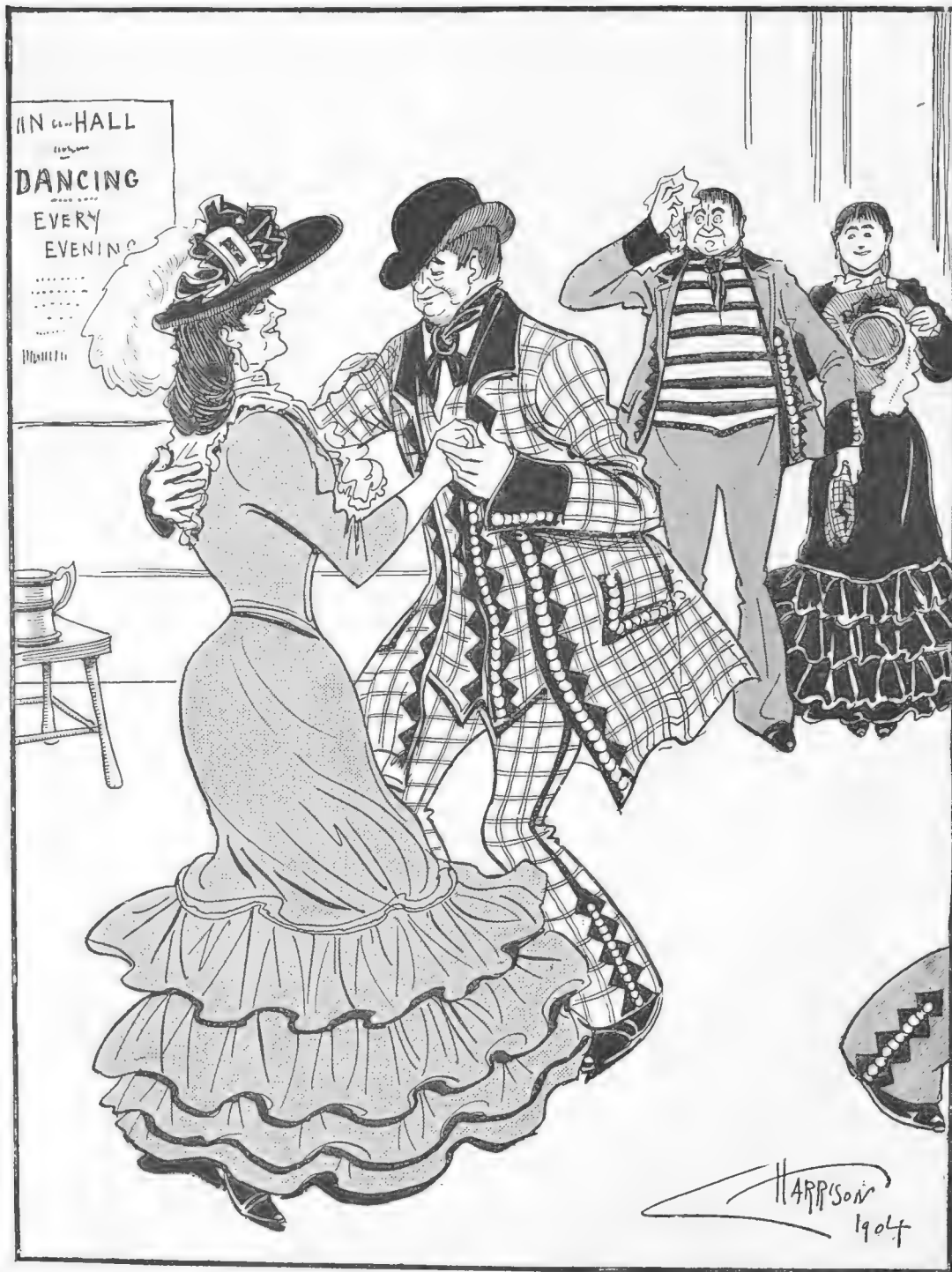
Her face a little paler—a few kisses to colour that! Her voice a half-tone too flat—a few penitent, tender words to set it singing! Her eyes a little strained with weary watching, a little faded with many tears—his kisses again for those, and what miracles they worked! But deep in her eyes, unchanged, undying, still shone their light of faithfulness. And now he was not blind to it; he valued it as priceless.

So, if the corn was long in ripening for this harvest, hadn't the time of waiting been even for her worth while? With the foolishness knocked out of him (his own words) and his eyes opened, was he not more nearly worthy of her acceptance now than then?

Moreover, even the years did not seem so long in looking back—she said so.

"And you've come as you promised you would come—at Harvesting," she said. She put her arms about his neck and her face to his face. "Dearest," she whispered, very softly, "you never said the year."

Could any man, winning through troubled waters to such a heritage of tried and trustful love, ever again desire to stray therefrom? I think not.



THE OBSERVATIONS OF JOHN HASSALL.



MAN WITH TRAILER (*gasping*): 'Ullo! 'Ad a puncture?
 MAN WITH PUNCTURE (*angrily*): Cawn't yer see I 'ave?
 MAN WITH TRAILER (*feelingly*): Lucky beggar!

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT says that the only thing that unnerves him is literary composition. He puts into his literary work the same strenuous energy which he displays in hunting and in political campaigning. But prolonged confinement suits very ill a man who is accustomed to be a great deal in the open air. In spite of this, he has managed to publish in the course of an arduous career some twelve books. He dates the great improvement in his health from the year 1884. Then, having lost both his wife and his mother, he bought two ranches on the Little Missouri River, North Dakota, and went there to live. He threw himself zealously into the work of cattle-raising in a climate trying for its heat in summer and for its bleakness in winter, and became inured to all the hardships of the ranchman's life. He was always a fearless rider, and in North Dakota he learned to be a good shot and a successful hunter.

Mr. Marion Crawford goes on with perfect regularity publishing a new novel every year. The title of his autumn book is "Whosoever Shall Offend." It deals with present-day life in Rome and Sicily, and the subject is a bright Italian child whom fate, as represented by evil-disposed persons, conspires to render degenerate and criminal. Mr. Crawford, who spent part of May and June in Rome, is now at his beautiful Sorrento villa finishing his story.

The liberality and enterprise of American publishers are certainly wonderful. I met the other day an author who has written some very successful short stories. He was asked by an American firm to write a novel for them. The author demurred, on the ground that he did not know whether he could write a novel, and that he might waste much of his time trying. If he failed, he would lose the money which he might have earned by doing the work in which he was an expert. The publishers replied that they had foreseen all that. If, after fair experiment, he found that he could not write a novel, they were prepared to pay him for the time and pains that had been spent to no purpose. The author gratefully declined the offer, on the ground that the temptation to give them the book, no matter how bad it was, would be irresistible.

Mr. Churton Collins has given his weighty judgment against the Miltonic authorship of "Nova Solyma," the book edited two years ago by the Rev. Walter Begley. Mr. Collins's conclusion is that, while there is no external evidence to warrant the ascription of the romance to Milton, the internal evidence is as conclusive as it is possible for such evidence to be against any such assumption. The author, whoever he was, was a young man of the Puritan persuasion who was an excellent classical scholar, conversant with the Latin and English romances current in his time, well read in divinity and philosophy, and saturated with the Latin poetry and prose of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. And can we doubt—nay, have we not testimony that many such young men were to be found both in Scotland and in England at the time this romance was written?

Considering the great reputation of Sainte-Beuve, it is surprising that more of his work has not been translated into English. The few books that have appeared have not achieved any remarkable success, but I anticipate a warm welcome for the new translation of "Portraits of the Seventeenth Century, Historic and Literary," which is to appear in the autumn in two volumes. The first volume will include the "portraits" from Cardinal Richelieu to Louise de la Vallière—the Duc de Rohan, Abbé de Rancé, La Grande Mademoiselle, Comtesse de la Fayette, Duchesse d'Orléans, Louis XIV., Duc de la Rochefoucauld, and others; the second volume will contain a "History of the French Academy," and "portraits" of Molière, La Fontaine, Pascal, Madame de Sevigné, Boileau, Racine, Fénelon, the Princess des Ursins, Bossuet, Corneille, &c. The translator, Miss Wormeley, is very favourably known by her excellent rendering of Balzac.

The new book by Mr. Crockett, which has been announced under the title of "Grey Galloway," is not a novel. It is an account of Galloway character, landscape, manners and morals, and is a companion to the author's well-known Gallowaybooks, "The Raiders," and others. Possibly it may be entitled "Raiderland." Mr. Joseph Pennell has executed the illustrations.

Norman Duncan, the new writer of sea-tales, whose first book, "The Way of the Sea," was well received in this country, is still a young man in the thirties. He is Professor of Rhetoric and English in the Washington and Jefferson University at Washington. Mr. Duncan has completed a novel, "Dr. Luke of the Labrador," which will appear in the autumn. It is described as "a promising and well-told tale of salt water, high winds, rocky shores, and rugged dialect."

Moncure D. Conway's autobiography is finished at last, and is to appear in the autumn. Mr. Conway

was born in Virginia in 1832, and has had an extraordinarily active and diversified career. He has always loved the society of famous men, and his bright and genial personality has won for him many friendships. Mr. Conway has scattered many of his reminiscences by the way, and no doubt the best of them will be collected in his book. Of all men living, he is, perhaps, most qualified to write on Hawthorne.

The question of the authorship of "The Breadwinners" is revived again. The book was published anonymously by Harper and Brothers in 1884. It aroused keen interest; many editions were published, and intense curiosity was shown as to the authorship. Not long ago the publishers proposed to the author to bring out the novel in a new edition with his name on the title-page, as the commercial value of the name at this time would ensure for the book an immense sale. The author, however, preferred to keep his secret. Though there is no authoritative announcement, it is generally believed that Mr. Secretary Hay is responsible for the story, which was well enough in its way, but more remarkable for subject than for treatment.

O. O.



PICTURES FROM THE ROYAL ACADEMY, 1904: AS SEEN BY R. C. CARTER.
V. "THE HEIRLOOM."

With profound apologies to Mr. T. C. Gotch.

FIVE NEW NOVELS.

"THE TYRANTS OF NORTH HYBEN."

BY FRANK DILNOT.
(Lane. 6s.)

obvious. Perhaps this simple story of a rustic community and the difficulties of a young farmer is the more refreshing on that account, and the pious, if trite, observation which closes the last page is instructive as an index to the distance we have moved in ten years.

Just a decade ago we learned that to be moral was to be obvious, and to be obvious was to be inartistic. Mr. Dilnot, vouched for by Vigo Street, is most moral, most obvious, and not hopelessly inartistic. But as a constructive novel this work should not be judged. It is valuable rather for its individual portraits and its episodes of country life, notably the parish-meeting, the meeting of creditors, and the auction of land. The evil-tongued neighbours may or may not have been suggested by the more finished work of the late George Douglas Brown, but their power is as great in genial Hampshire as in Caledonia stern



MR. RIDER HAGGARD: A NEW PORTRAIT.

Taken by Beresford.

and wild. At the same time, Mr. Dilnot has scarcely given sufficient colour to the evil reputation which gossip attaches to the virtuous swain, Dick Carey. A dog may easily get an ill-name, but there must be at least some plausible misconception of his character, and Carey's conduct is always at variance with the received opinion of him. This makes the story limp considerably, and there are other signs of the 'prentice hand. But the pastoral atmosphere is happily caught.

"THE SENTINEL OF WESSEX."

BY C. KING WARRY.
(Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

superstitious, high-spirited people who were held together by a clannishness that bade fair to rival that of the Highlanders. "Boney" was momentarily expected to land on the coast, but, notwithstanding the dangers of being captured by a French frigate, the fishermen carried on with no less zeal the great game of smuggling, for this was regarded as a very venial offence in the eyes of Portland men. Thus there was plenty of work for the King's "riding officer," and, smart though Geoffrey Witherden might be, at times the native, slumbering wits were more than his match. He cuts a fine, romantic figure in the story, and the description of his hopeless passion for Thirza rings true, but the favoured lover, Dick, is a mere shadow. Although occasionally relieved by pretty word-pictures of the scenery of that wonderful coast, the narrative is wordy and inconsequent, and whole pages are devoted to the musings of the author, which contain not a few platitudes. As to the actual dialogue, it is easy to write conversations between the natives of Wessex, but it takes the genius of a Hardy to raise them above the commonplace. When Harry, Thirza's scapegrace brother, "finds religion," and much space is given to the account of his conversion and the general beliefs of the Methodists, the reader's patience is somewhat taxed. It is when the beginner tries his hand at this type of story that one demands the power that can make of the simplest things a vivid and enchanting reality.

"HEARTS ARE TRUMPS."

BY SARAH TYTLER.
(John Long. 6s.)

anything but quite ordinary and remediable troubles. A clever, ugly, bearish man named Peignton meets in middle-age the love of his

The flavour of the soil and the Georgic lore of Mr. Frank Dilnot's novel save it from utter triviality. But it is a marvellously naïf work to have issued from the "Bodley Head," whither, as a rule, we do not turn for the

youth. He is now a widower with two grown-up daughters, and she a widow with no children. Naturally, the two feel the old link and decide to marry, but the man has the crazy notion of not telling his daughters until the ceremony has been performed. He arrives with his new wife in the old house on Clapham Common like a bombshell, and, of course, the daughters treat the step-mother with the politest hostility. These girls are well contrasted—masterful Harriot being the vigilant guardian of timid, nervous little Susie, who has been forced from sheer weakness of character into an unnatural invalidism. But Susie has had her romance. While on a brief visit in Wales, bereft for the moment of her watch-dog, Harriot, she has married at a Registry Office a handsome, headstrong young man named King, who quarrels with her and goes to America. Harriot, her accomplice in concealing all this from their ill-tempered father, naïvely hopes that the bridegroom will comfortably disappear. But she ought to have read enough novels to know that not only will Mr. King return to England, but that he will also turn out to be the brother of his wife's step-mother! However, Papa is placated, and all ends well.

"THE HEART OF THE VICAR."

BY HUGH TUITE.
(John Long. 6s.)

The Vicar of Sparton was something of an ascetic, an advocate of celibacy on the part of the clergy, and, withal, a musician whose violin-playing revealed to the listener who had ears to hear depths of human passion which would have astonished the violinist himself. To the Vicar's parish comes a lovely widow seeking retirement; he falls madly in love with her, and she with him; then enters the villain of the piece, the Vicar's reprobate cousin, Dudley Falconbridge, whom the reputed widow had divorced. Numberless complications follow, and the Vicar, who had renounced his old-time views on the celibacy of the clergy, is faced with another astounding problem: how can he reconcile his outspoken denunciation of divorce with his marriage to a woman who had divorced her husband, a worthless scoundrel—and his own cousin? He decides that it is impossible, and Mollie Burton—a "Burton of Bargrove"—departs for a time out of his life. The Vicar is stricken down by illness, and in his delirium calls for "his Mollie"; she comes at his call and nurses him back to life—and marriage with her, the divorcee. Of the tragic conclusion of the story it would be unfair to speak, yet one may wish that Mr. Tuite had given his novel a happier ending. Dudley Falconbridge is a revelation of the depths to which sordid villainy may go, yet he is drawn with so light a touch that one's indignation is tempered with something akin to toleration. As for Mollie and the Vicar, they are lovable creations; and Martha, Mollie's devoted servant, Westbourne-Grove, the retired sauce-manufacturer, his daughter, Irene, her lover, Eustace Carlton, and "Mrs. Ross," the lady for whom Dudley deserted Mollie, and who, discarded in turn by him, marries the unworthy erstwhile manufacturer of "Tickle Palate Soy," are all in their way notable characters. Mr. Tuite has written a story which, despite certain imperfections, interests one from first to last and will assure his next venture a hearty welcome.

"TOM DAWSON."

BY FLORENCE WARDEN.
(Chatto and Windus. 6s.)

Miss Florence Warden's new novel belongs to the ever-multiplying class of works destined to prove that fiction is stranger than, at least, the majority of fact, but it has a distinction denied to many of the category. Constantly on the border-line between the possible and the impossible, it never crosses into Munchausenland, and presents not only a series of ingenious complications—that, in itself, is not unusual—but causes and effects that do not outrage reason. To much material that would have suited Gaboriau, Miss Florence Warden allies a good deal of the French writer's constructive ability, while avoiding his taste for petty or princely immoralities, and his disturbing habit of turning in his tracks. She must be given credit, also, for the creation of characters that are strangers to the puppet kingdom of which so many of their kind are citizens. Her villain, a most prominent figure, has attributes that, ill-handled, would have placed him amongst those sleek personages nightly hooted by a virtuous pit and gallery at the transpontine theatres of the older and now passing type. He is essentially a villain of the new order, sans cloak, sans cigarette, sans sombrero—a calculating gentleman with a past and a trick of attaining his desires by methods finding little favour with the police, a specialist in murder by knife and poison, and a juggler with insurance-policies who speedily converts "good lives" into profitable deaths. With it all, he is plausible both to the majority of those whose life-threads are entangled with his, and, for a considerable time, to those who read of his doings—a feat of moment. In their several degrees, those associated with him are equally "real" persons, each behaving as one placed in similar positions might behave, and so assisting to build up a whole that is nothing if not natural, and, despite an occasional transparency of plot, fascinating. "Tom Dawson" is not in the least likely to rank with the masterpieces of literature, to attain to the dignity of a classic; but that it is vastly entertaining is undeniable.

"INJURED PRIDE": A STUDY FROM LIFE BY G. D. ARMOUR.



TRAMP: Tell 'er if she'd made it a bob I'd 'ave put it down in my book.

“THE UNBIASSED MIND”: A STUDY FROM LIFE BY WILL OWEN.



'ARRY: Silly gime, 'ockey, ain't it?

Holiday Types. By Dudley Hardy.



III.—BANK HOLIDAY ON HAMPSTEAD HEATH.

A NOVEL

IN

A NUTSHELL.

MISS MONTMORENCY.

BY

JAMES PELHAM.



A ROW of girls in "practising"-costumes were dancing vigorously on the half-lit stage of the Carlton Theatre, to the accompaniment of a piano and the shrill exhortations of the ballet-master.

The incongruous dresses of the girls, the short, shabby skirts, surmounted by smart if, in most cases, correspondingly shabby blouses, the excited little ballet-master leaping about in front of his exhausted pupils, the half-dozen lights which threw weird shadows over the big stage, were in strange contrast with the gorgeous performance which would take place the following evening on the same stage.

Suddenly the little man threw up his arms.

"That will do for this afternoon, ladies!" he exclaimed. "I do hope you will dance those last steps at the dress-rehearsal to-night as though you 'ad feet and not 'ammers. Oh, I know you're tired, so we'll say no more about it now. Miss Montmorency, don't forget that, if your solo should be encored to-morrow, you begin from the second part, and don't be afraid to lift your knee in that reel-step. I am pleased with that dance, though I says it, and I should like to be pleased with the dancer," he added, kindly.

Miss Montmorency, who had stepped a little forward when the ballet-master spoke to her, balanced herself on one foot and executed the step to which he referred with remarkable grace and dexterity.

"I think I know what you mean, Mr. de Lacy," she said; "I'll do me best, I promise you."

She was a remarkable-looking girl, a different type from that usually associated with dancers, rather above medium height, well-built and shapely, and, though she carried herself with considerable dignity, all her movements seemed to suggest flexibility of limb. Her face, in the strange light, looked very pale, but, as she moved, her red hair, which was piled on the top of her head, glistened and almost flashed. She had brown eyes and the wonderful white skin which so seldom is seen with and yet seems the natural complement of red hair. It was an attractive face—one felt that the owner was frank, impetuous, if, perhaps, quick-tempered, and in the full mouth, though there was a suggestion of unrefinement, there was also much sweetness. Her speech, except for an occasional Cockney intonation, which became much exaggerated when she was excited, was pleasant enough.

"Well, good-afternoon, ladies," said Mr. de Lacy. "This evening at seven sharp."

The girls moved away, chattering and debating how to fill up the three or four hours which must elapse before it was time to dress for the evening rehearsal.

Miss Montmorency had decided to go home. "It is worth while," she was just saying, when the stage door-keeper approached her rather mysteriously.

"A young lady to see you, Miss," he said.

"Who is it?" asked Miss Montmorency, quickly.

"Wouldn't give no nyme," said the man. "Says she won't keep you long. Says she needs your 'elp—it isn't money 'elp though, I don't think."

"I don't know who it can be," and Miss Montmorency turned back towards the stage impatiently.

The other girls looked at her a little enviously.

"What a figure she has got, to be sure!" said one; "I don't wonder Mr. de Lacy picked her out for the solo."

"Some people has luck," grumbled another girl.

"Don't be a Jiggins," said the first speaker. "She deserves all she gets. She's a bit high and mighty, but she's a good sort, and she earns her three-ten a week, every penny of it."

Meanwhile Miss Montmorency had found the little ballet-master collecting his hat and coat, which he always managed to deposit in most unlikely places.

"Mr. de Lacy," she said, "could I see a lady for two minutes in the green-room? I know it's against rules, but I would be so grateful! It's raining, and I can't talk to her outside in this skirt. Bennett says she wants my help; I think it must be about that bazaar that I have promised to dance at."

"Well, yes, for this once," said the little man. "I really am pleased with you, Miss Montmorency. I couldn't say it before the others, but you dance that solo just as well as I could wish, and that's 'igh praise from me," and he smiled at her with a patronising, gratified air.

Miss Montmorency flushed slightly. "Oh, thank you, Mr. de Lacy; you are kind! I will try hard to dance well for you," and she ran up the stage, happy and excited.

"Take the lady to the green-room, Bennett.

I will come directly," she said.

She dashed upstairs to her dressing-room, washed her hands, patted her hair, and then ran down. Mr. de Lacy's kind words had made her forget her fatigue, and she was smiling to herself as she entered the room.

A girl, unmistakably a lady, quietly and beautifully dressed, rose and bowed rather stiffly.

"Please forgive me for coming here," she said, a little nervously. "I came to inquire for your private address, not knowing that the rehearsal was just over, I thought perhaps you would spare me a few minutes. Oh, now I see you," she added, "I don't really know how to begin."

"Please sit down," said Miss Montmorency, seating herself as she spoke. "You wanted my help. How can I help you?" Miss Montmorency was horribly conscious suddenly of her very short skirt, and she found herself struggling to speak in imitation of the gentle, refined tones of the girl before her. Her own voice sounded harsh in her ears. "Whom have I the pleasure to address?" she added; and then, more simply, "You know my name; may I know yours?"

"I am Esther Beynon," said the girl; "Wilfred's sister."

Miss Montmorency leapt from her seat. "And what might you want with me?" she said. She leant against the door, breathing quickly, and the colour which Mr. de Lacy's compliments had brought to her cheeks faded suddenly, leaving her very white.

The other girl looked genuinely distressed at her agitation, but seemed to gain confidence and to recover her presence of mind in proportion as Miss Montmorency's supply of those qualities disappeared.

"I wanted to know you, to see you," she said, after a little pause. "I had to come. Wilfred spoke to me of you when he was ill. One night, he thought he was dying, and he told me that he was engaged to you, and asked me to see you—afterwards. Well, then he got well, and we never spoke of it again till last week. I couldn't bear it any longer, and I said that I must know all about it. Wilfred is my only brother, you know, and since my father died we have been always together. Then he told me how beautiful and clever you were, and that he was going to marry you as soon as the election was over. I asked him, I asked him"—she hesitated, and then went on—"if you were quite a lady. I knew nothing of people who danced," she apologised. "He was angry with me, and said you were splendid, and that, as soon as he could come up to town, he would bring you to see me. I couldn't wait. It seems so vulgar to say it, but I had to know if you were the right person to be his wife."

Miss Montmorency shivered a little. The room felt cold. Then, oblivious in her agitation of her short skirt, she sat down, with one hand round her right foot, the heel of which rested on her left knee.

"Well," she said, as the girl paused, "well, and what do you think of me?"

Something seemed to have happened to Miss Montmorency; something seemed to have fallen away from her—the veneer of refinement, even of distinction—and suddenly it became apparent that in her careful enunciation, in her dignity, in her repose, there was studied, almost painful effort. She sat there, beautiful certainly, but horribly, hideously common.

The girl looked at her, and, almost unconsciously, she thought of the surprise she had one day experienced when she had heard by accident her own gentle-voiced, refined maid talking, in raucous tones, to her fellow-servants in the housekeeper's room. She was feeling the same sense of surprise now. She had called herself vulgar,

snobbish, when Miss Montmorency had entered the room with a dignity that seemed so natural; but now her fears that a dancer at the Carlton could not possess the qualities which Wilfred had seen in Miss Montmorency seemed justified. She did not answer Miss Montmorency's question; she dropped her eyes.

"You took me breath away for the moment," continued Miss Montmorency. She was not capable just then of the effort which it required to give the possessive adjective its full value. "I did know Wilfred had a sister, of course, but I never expected she and I would become acquainted like this."

She was still trembling from the shock of the unexpected announcement of the girl's name, and her efforts to appear composed were pitiful.

"You haven't seen very much of Wilfred, have you?" asked the girl suddenly.

"I saw him every day for three weeks, for about half-an-hour at a time, and once he took me into the country for the day. Oh, it was heavenly!" and Miss Montmorency drew in her breath quickly at the recollection. "He asked me to marry him that day—it was the last day of me holiday. I was spending it in Scarborough with an aunt, and he was—"

"I know," said the girl; "he was there reading for an exam., and you met on the pier. He caught your hat, he told me. But he said you were with your invalid mother, and that's why you could meet so seldom. He told me how good and devoted you were to her, but that he never saw her. You never even let him take you home. He told me, too, that your father had been a Colonel, and that you supported yourself and your mother by your dancing. It is very brave of you." The girl looked straight at Miss Montmorency. She didn't know why she suddenly doubted the story. She hated herself for doing so.

Miss Montmorency looked at her defiantly. Then she said, rather loudly, "Oh, it was a bit hard at times; but I'm getting on now. I'm to dance a solo in the new piece which comes out to-morrow, and they've raised me to three-ten a week—three-pounds-ten, I should say." Then she added, irrelevantly, "I suppose you think that me and Wilfred don't know each other well enough to get married; is that it?"

Wilfred's sister looked distressed. "Wilfred is very reserved, as a rule," she said. "Did he talk much to you?"

"We didn't have much time," Miss Montmorency answered, "and the wind was so high most days you couldn't talk much; but he told me he was going to stand for Parliament as soon as he had finished his law exams., and he writes to me once a week," she added, triumphantly, "though I haven't seen him for three months, first because of his illness, and now because of this old election. He loves me," she added, and Esther Beynon pitied her for the questioning note in her voice as she said these last words.

Then she got up, and, standing before Miss Montmorency, she said, "I must say it; I came to say it for Wilfred's sake, but now I must say it for yours, too. He doesn't love you. He admires you. He isn't very strong, you see—his strength is in his brain—and he sees how splendid, how strong you are, but he doesn't love you. He is romantic in an odd, quiet way, and he likes the thought of lifting you out of these surroundings; but if he were to see you like this"—and she looked at Miss Montmorency's short skirt—"and hear you talk," she continued, intentionally brutal, "as you talk when you forget to be a lady, he would hate you—you would jar on him every moment, and I think he would jar on you, too."

Miss Montmorency sprang from her seat; her eyes flashed, and she stood with clenched fists in front of the girl.

"How dare you!" she said. "Me forget to be a lady! How dare you! Why, you ask the girls here! They all of them tease me about it—about having no Johnnies hanging round, and about being so refined. They don't know about Wilfred; I haven't never told anybody about him. We agreed to keep it a secret till he was ready to marry me. It wouldn't be good for me here if they thought I was going to give it all up soon; I expect that's why Wilfred suggested keeping it secret a bit." She faltered a little. She knew she was trying to convince herself of what was not true. Then she went on: "Forget to be a lady, indeed! I suppose it's the short skirt makes you dare speak to me like that. Anyway, I expect you'd be glad if you had such good legs under all those frills of yours."

Miss Montmorency stopped abruptly. The other girl's blush suddenly made her realise how admirably she was justifying the charge by her very denial of it. She suddenly broke down and dropped on her knees, her face buried in the dingy sofa, sobbing hysterically. "I love him—oh, I do love him so!" she sobbed.

Esther Beynon sat down on the sofa and marvelled at the wealth of Miss Montmorency's hair. She was very troubled. What was she to say to this girl, whose face was hidden and whose whole frame was shaken with sobs?

Neither spoke for some minutes. Then Esther laid her hand on Miss Montmorency's shoulder. "I beg your pardon," she said. "What I said was brutal. Forgive me."

Miss Montmorency's sobs were gradually subsiding. She sat up

and from her position on the floor looked up into the other's face. "It was true," she said. "Oh, I knew all the time it could never be, but I love him really" (Miss Montmorency pronounced it "reelly"), "truly love him," and a big sob welled up in her throat again. She choked it back bravely and went on: "I suppose you don't believe in love at first sight, but the minute I saw Wilfred I knew he was the only fellow—man, I mean—that I should ever love; I hadn't ever cared for anyone before. Then I saw what a gentleman he was, so different from the chaps I had met in London, and I tried all I knew to pretend I was a lady. I told him I danced here, of course; but that was because I thought he was sure to find out. The rest that I told him about me—family was all lies. Father's a butcher in the Tottenham Court Road," she went on, desperately, her speech becoming frankly Cockney. "There are eight of us; I come third. We're well-to-do people; mother don't go into the shop any more, and me eldest brother's a clerk in a auctioneer's office."

There was a note of pride in Miss Montmorency's voice, in spite of the fact that she knew she was preparing disillusion for Wilfred in thus speaking to Wilfred's sister. "I couldn't tell Wilfred all that—I couldn't—and so I made up the story about the Colonel and the invalid mother. He would have had to know some time, I suppose, but I wanted to be sure he loved me first."

Esther looked at her with a smile, while there were tears in her eyes. "I think I understand," she said; "but I know, oh, I know it just as surely as if I could see into the future, that you and Wilfred would be miserable together. I can imagine a man with all Wilfred's refinement loving you very much, because he would understand; but Wilfred does not know you, not even as much of you as I have seen to-day. He loves a creature of his imagination whom he has housed in your body, and every time you were with him and showed him a little bit of yourself it would destroy bit by bit this woman of his fancy and his love for her. Oh, I know him so well!"—Esther's voice had a ring of entreaty in it—"I wonder if you can understand. He is good and clever, and I love him; but he is hard and narrow, and I know—"

Miss Montmorency got up, tugged at her skirt, and wiped her tear-stained face.

"You needn't say any more," she said; "I know it's true enough. I couldn't have kept it up. That's why I only saw him for a short time each day. I remember the day we went into the country, the day he asked me to marry him—it was a lovely day, and we were on the top of a hill, and I wanted to fling out my arms and dance—oh, I wanted to be a savage, without clothes and things, and just dance in the sun and the wind, and I was going to say something like that, and I turned to look at Wilfred, and a great wave came over me that he wouldn't understand, that he would be horribly shocked. I just stopped in time. I took off my hat—that couldn't shock him, I thought" (Miss Montmorency gave a little laugh), "and the rest of the day I made him talk all the time, but I had felt just what you have told me. Afterwards, I tried not to think it. When I came home and saw the shop and the name over the door—'Ellen Rigg' is my name, really, but it didn't look so well as 'Sylvia Montmorency' on the bills—and the meat hanging in the shop, and father cutting it, though I knew all the time what the end must be, I only loved Wilfred more and more. I was so proud to think he had admired me—I knew it was only that—enough to ask me to marry him." Miss Montmorency caught her breath.

Esther Beynon rose and took her hand. "What can I say?" she said.

"Nothing," answered Miss Montmorency; "there's nothing to say. I'll write to Wilfred. I shall just say that I find I love my work too much to give it up—that'll make him hate me as much as anything could. I always told him I loathed the work; but I don't," she added, determined to be honest, "and, thank goodness, I am getting on, too."

She looked at Esther, and the two girls stood for a moment holding each other's hands.

Miss Montmorency broke the silence.

"Thank you for coming. Don't tell him you saw me; let me do it all. He'll believe me easier than if he knew we'd had a talk. I've nothing to send back to him—I never let him give me anything," she said, proudly, "except a rose," with a pitiful attempt at a smile. "I've got that at home in a chocolate-box with my handkerchiefs. You were quite, quite right. My goodness, I am tired!" she added suddenly, putting her hand to her head, "and I have a dress-rehearsal at seven. There's no more for us to say, is there? So good-bye."

"Good-bye; God bless you!" said Esther. "You are good and brave and splendid, and, oh, I hope you will be happy!"

They pressed each other's hands, and Esther turned quickly and walked out of the theatre.

Miss Montmorency stood quite still for a minute. Then, catching sight of herself in a long glass at the end of the room, she smoothed her wonderful hair, and executed, mechanically, the step of which Mr. de Lacy had specially reminded her.



THE



END.



THE HUMOURIST IN "THE RAG."

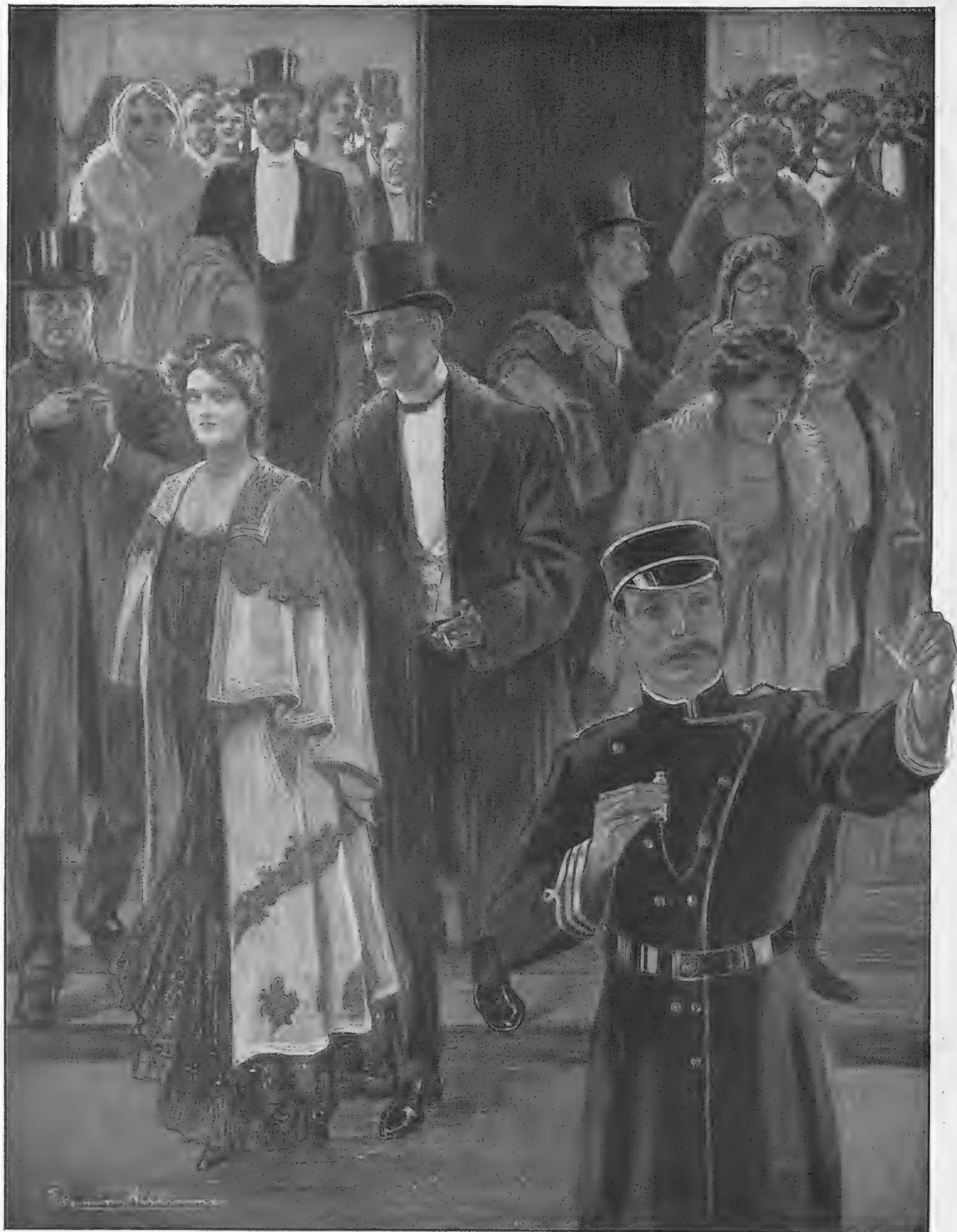


"Mr. Jones, I believe?"

"Gad, Sir, a man who could believe that could believe anything!"

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

THE SURVIVAL OF THE MUSICAL PLAY.



HE: After all, you know, there's nothing to beat a good musical comedy!
SHE (*hesitating*): No; except, perhaps, Shakspeare.

DRAWN BY C. FLEMING-WILLIAMS.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



MR. WILSON BARRETT'S GRAVE IN HAMPSTEAD CEMETERY. THE LARGE "STAR" WAS SENT BY A WELL-KNOWN LADY NOVELIST.

JUST as in the great world when the Sovereign dies we cry, "The King is dead; Long live the King!" so in the dramatic world, which is but a picture in little of the great world, with the colours accentuated as if seen on the ground-glass of a camera, we cry, "The Season is dead; Long live the Season!" In certain of the daily papers, the portion known as "Under the Clock" is conspicuously barren of any theatrical announcements; yet several of the West-End Companies are already on the eve of preparing the new bill with which they will appeal to that often elusive quantity, the suffrage of the public.

To pursue the metaphor farther, one may say that the drama never dies, for when people are crying out most "It is dead," it springs, like another Phoenix, with renewed vigour from the ashes and takes on a fresh lease of life.

Meanwhile, the writing about the theatre and the means of improving the drama, which has been such a characteristic feature of the magazine literature of the year, shows little sign of abating, for there is another instalment of opinions as to what to do for the theatre in the August number of the *English Illustrated Magazine*.

The quantity of writing about the stage and those who have to do with it is an evidence of the vitality of the subject and the interest which it is believed the public has in it. All the same, however, it may be questioned whether, in the innumerable prescriptions for the improving of the drama and increasing its state of grace, the prescription of any individual or set of individuals can make the traditional "ha'porth" of difference.

A subject in which we of the coulisses have been decidedly interested during the last week and more has been the scheme propounded by the actor-musician, Mr. Auguste Van Biene, for building a dozen theatres in the chief provincial towns, in which, taking a leaf out

of the book of certain of the variety theatres, not always of the humbler class, two performances will be given every evening. The idea is to compete with the music-halls on their own terms, for smoking will be allowed all over the house, and the charge for admission is to range from twopence to one shilling. In this way, that portion of the public which likes to go early to the playhouse and early home to bed will be catered for, while the other portion which prefers to take its pleasure later will not be neglected. Incidentally, the scheme will naturally mean that the actors will have to work longer hours than they do at present, but, with so many plays lasting only a couple of hours and making neither physical nor emotional demands on the resources of the performer, even four or five hours can hardly be considered a very hard working-day. In the times of which our fathers tell us, when the play began at seven and the final curtain did not fall until twelve or later, the strain was far greater, for the leading actors, especially in the provinces, would often have to play a five-Act tragedy and a three-Act domestic drama. Mr. Hermann Vezin, for instance, has often acted a double bill, consisting of *Macbeth*, and William in "Black-Eyed Susan," and his salary, including that of Mrs. Vezin, who played the heroines, did not exceed three pounds a week.

In addition to Mr. Van Biene's scheme, there is that of Mr. H. E. Moss, who is building several Hippodromes in the chief towns, and it is expected that five of them will be ready to be opened by the end of the year. The Hippodrome programme, as everyone knows, is remarkable for the fact that it is gone through twice every day. When, however, the Coliseum opens, it is the intention of Mr. Stoll to play no fewer than four times a day, so that those engaged will have to give two dozen performances a week. Still, the performances will not be long, for Mr. Stoll does not contemplate his "turns" lasting more than ten minutes each, so that there will be little or no opportunity for "sketches," which remain a bone of contention in the amusement world.

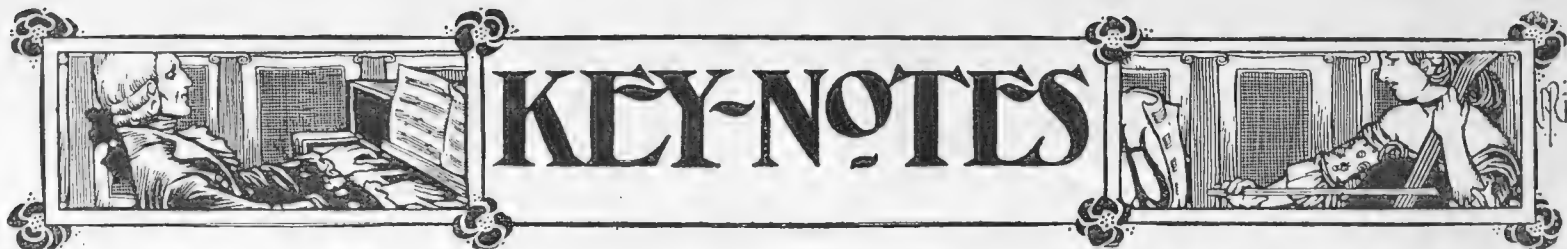
The failure of the last season is probably the reason for the early start which is being made by the managements at the West-End. As already announced, Mr. Frederick Harrison and Mr. Cyril Maude have selected Aug. 30 for the inauguration of their season, while Mr. Lewis

Waller will revive "Miss Elizabeth's Prisoner" on or about Sept. 1, the date chosen for Miss Ada Reeve's appearance at the Criterion in Mr. Malcolm Watson's comedy in three Acts, "Winnie Brooke, Widow"; and Mr. George Alexander has selected Sept. 3, Cromwell's "crowning glory," for the production of Mr. Sydney Grundy's "The Garden of Lies."

It is not the absence of anything of interest in London which will cause playgoers to turn their eyes in the direction of Liverpool in general, and the Shakespeare Theatre in particular, on Monday, for on that evening "George Fleming's" three-Act play, "A Man and His Wife," will be produced by Mr. E. H. Kelly and Mr. C. M. Hallard, whose Company, in addition to themselves, contains such well-known players as Miss Nina Boucicault, Miss Enid Spencer-Brunton, and Mr. C. Aubrey Smith.

A general impression has prevailed in the inner circles of the theatrical world that Mr. Austin Melford, who has now for several seasons been associated with the performance of certain leading characters in the late Mr. Wilson Barrett's repertoire, and who is this week acting Wilfred Denver in "The Silver King" at the Camden Theatre, would be certain to assume the part Mr. Barrett destined for himself in "Lucky Durham." Whether this will really happen it is at the moment of writing impossible to say, for nothing definite has been settled.

The announcement made a few weeks ago in *The Sketch* that Miss Evelyn Millard would act next season is borne out by what is now common knowledge, that she has been engaged as the leading lady at the Imperial Theatre, and will appear with Mr. Lewis Waller in the romantic comedy of the period of Charles II., "The Master of the King's Company," which will succeed "Miss Elizabeth's Prisoner."



AT last the Musical Season—and in that phrase is naturally included the Concert Season—has come to an end, with a very fine performance of “La Traviata,” in which Melba was superlatively fine. After a long season, it was engrossing to note not only that she had lost none of the freshness of her voice, but that, true and sweet as it has always been, its power is, if anything, greater than of old. “La Traviata” and “La Bohème,” you would say on the face of things, would not be quite the sort of parts which would appeal very especially to one who is imbued with a peculiar health and strength of vitality. Yet contradiction is almost as common as that which we call commonplace; and the fact remains that, despite a minor hurricane of new-comers, Melba has continued to hold the supreme rank of honour among the sopranis of this year.

Before one returns to the personal success of particular artists, one may run through, as from a bird's-eye point of view, precisely the “doings and undosings” of the Opera Season. First, it was an extremely clever idea on the part of the management to place Wagner as a thing apart in the Opera Season. In earlier weeks his work was given as a matter of course, and the true Wagnerites flocked to hear it. Then came the closure, the guillotine—call it what you will—and we were treated to the flower of Italian and French Opera. In other words, the season was most pleasantly divided, and (above all things, so far as we know) there was none found, save in an exceptional matter or two, to lift up a voice for the sake of clamouring against the Covent Garden Season.

One little point there is to note. Seeing that so large a portion of the season was given unto the great composers of the past, it seems something of a most unaccountable indifference that Mozart was produced only six times (three performances of “Don Giovanni” and three of “Le Nozze di Figaro”). Twenty performances, five apiece, of “Die Meistersinger,” “Lohengrin,” “Tannhäuser,” and “Tristan” much overshadow Mozart's records; and when one considers the possibilities that lie in “Il Seraglio,” “Idomeneo,” “Cosi fan Tutte,” and other masterpieces, the thought makes itself doubly insistent.

But, as a matter of fact, the real beauties of Mozart's operawriting have never been completely realised, even yet, in England, from the day of their production to the day when even a prominent London daily described the great master as “a little *passé*.” A little *passé*! There is no phrase in English in which to treat that “a little *passé*” according to its deserts.

Of course, we have had a singular variety of works performed under the peculiar circumstances which have been already suggested, and the singers have been admirably chosen to fit into the various rôles assigned to them; and the scenery has been, altogether, remarkable for its freshness and its fine colour.

This has been a very different season from the “old, unhappy, far-off things,” and mountings, “long ago.” The serious endeavour of the Syndicate to make the most of their splendid theatre has been crowned with ample and complete success. There have been disappointments, of course. Miss Ternina, under a strain of ill-health, had to leave London before half the season was over, and Calvé has brought with her the laurels—grand artist as she is—wherewith we should bind her brows. On the

male side of the picture, there has been the inimitable singing of Signor Caruso, which has this year created a keen sensation among opera-goers. He is an operatic artist who, at the present moment, one would imagine, has no real rival. His voice possesses a great range, and in quality it is as pure and as free from any sort of shadow—if the phrase be allowed—as could easily be imagined. It would be a natural question to ask if he ever permits himself indulgence in a meditative or in a spiritual mood; for, so far as one knows him, such meditation and such spirituality are not among the pieces of his armour. There one may leave the Opera Season; individuals have from time to time been dealt with in these columns, wherein we have touched upon their worth and their attractiveness. It only remains to add that the management was very excellent, and that for much of this excellence, from the practical point of view, Mr. Neil Forsyth was responsible. For the purposes of the Syndicate he is an invaluable business-manager.

The season, then, is practically over; but some mention must be made of Mr. Charles Manners's Season at Drury Lane of English Opera. It is for Mr. Manners to say precisely how successful it has been, and we are convinced of the excellence of his intentions. It must have been something of an uphill strife to contend against the enormously successful season at Covent Garden Opera; but he held on bravely to the end, and “Faust” finished his enterprise. It seems an odd sort of thing to many that Mr. Manners should attempt to found an English National Opera upon the base which he has chosen—namely, to some extent, upon the translations of foreign operas into English. To begin with, the translations are nearly always something grotesque; and they emphatically prove their unnatural parentage in the singing. “Lohengrin,” “Tannhäuser,” or “Faust” in English do not by any means belong to the ideal of a real National Opera. Of course, we have had some tuneful operas which have been English, *pur et simple*. In spite of this, Mr. Manners is seen practically standing on the rock of National Opera and crying—

“Come one, come all, this Rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I.”

The learned will remember that the succeeding line begins with the words, “The Saxon paused.” Well, through pure English or through tenth-rate translations, he determines to carry his scheme to success, and let us, as good Saxons, pause.

COMMON CHORD.

Madame Henriette Schmidt, the Belgian violinist who has been seen so much in the London musical world this Season, is not only considered to be Ysaye's favourite pupil, but the famous player and teacher has put it on written record that he regards her in every way as “a great artist and a musician in the most beautiful sense of the term.” Madame Schmidt began her career as a child prodigy. Fortunately, she was compelled to give up her public appearances for a time, and thus she was able to study really hard. Her second début—if one may so express it—excited the greatest interest among Belgian critics, and King Leopold and Princess Clémentine, who have all the musical enthusiasm of the Saxe-Coburg family, have often expressed their delight at her remarkable playing, and they received her on the occasion of her winning the first prize at the Brussels Conservatoire. Another Royal musician who is very interested in Madame Schmidt is the Queen of Holland, for the player is well known in the Netherlands, where violinists are always sure of a warm and appreciative welcome.



HERR WILHELM RACKHAUS, THE FAMOUS
PIANIST.

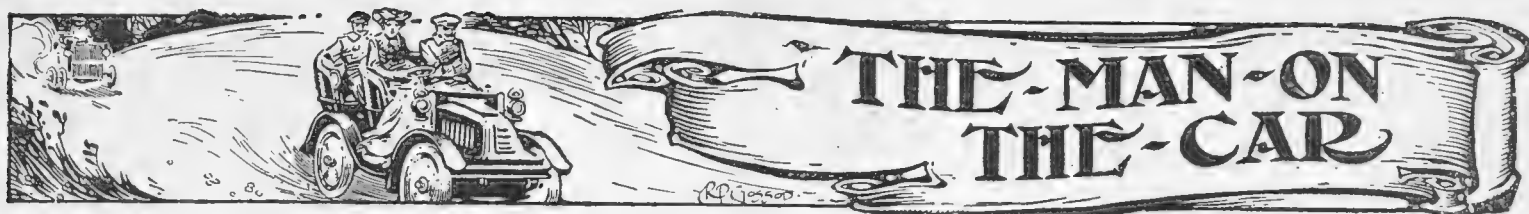
Photograph by Kate Fagnell, Knightsbridge.



MADAME HENRIETTE SCHMIDT, A PUPIL OF
YSAYE.

Photograph by Klary, Brussels.

different season from the “old, unhappy, far-off things,” and mountings, “long ago.” The serious endeavour of the Syndicate to make the most of their splendid theatre has been crowned with ample and complete success. There have been disappointments, of course. Miss Ternina, under a strain of ill-health, had to leave London before half the season was over, and Calvé has brought with her the laurels—grand artist as she is—wherewith we should bind her brows. On the



Marine Automobilism—In Southampton Water—To Avoid Dust.

IF I do not mistake, we shall find a very large number of men who have hitherto shown much favour to speed-driving on roads turning their attention to marine automobilism, for the opportunity it affords them of indulging their tastes for rapid movement and competition without many of the dangers, the inconveniences, and the extremely heavy expenses of road-racing. Moreover, the sport of marine automobilism is carried on under so much pleasanter conditions all round that, after what I saw in Southampton Water last week, I am sure it will "catch on." Great as were the speeds and endurance shown, there is a huge field for improvement, inasmuch as the conditions imposed upon the engine-builder are so much more constant than those which he has to meet when building for the road. In one case, on Tuesday last, the motor driving one of the fast boats in the Reliability Trials was never varied in speed twenty revolutions per minute, a tachometer having been installed to register exactly the engine performances throughout the day for future guidance.

Of the twenty-six motor-boats entered only ten scratched. Sixteen ran, and fourteen completed the first day's ten hours' continuous running. They were divided into six classes, according to length: Class I., not exceeding 15 feet; Class II., 20 feet; Class III., 25 feet; Class IV., 30 feet; Class V., over 30 feet; and Class VI., an unrestricted class for boats under 40 feet. The single entry in Class I. did not appear, and Seal's motor-boat, $2\frac{1}{2}$ horse-power paraffin-engine, was the sole representative of Class II. This boat completed five rounds of the course and something to spare within the ten hours' running, while Cloud and Nichols' $9\frac{1}{2}$ horse-power boat and M. Clément's 13 horse-power benzine boat completed seven rounds odd of the 9.53-knot course in Class III. Mr. F. Beadle's $22\frac{1}{2}$ horse-power Saunders boat covered the course no less than nine times with nine minutes to go, his other three competitors—to wit, the Maudslay 20 horse-power, the Gobron 12 horse-power, and the 10 horse-power

Woodnutt—getting seven rounds odd only. In Class V. the Napier Minor only was in it. She ploughed away all day without a hitch, and before time was called had sped round the course no less than fourteen times, making about 146 $\frac{3}{4}$ miles, or 14.67 miles per hour throughout. Now, although fourteen to fifteen miles per hour looks comparatively slow on the road, when performed by a 40-foot boat with very little free-board it gives the impression of immense speed. In the unrestricted class, the 20 horse-power Thornycroft completed eight rounds.

None too soon the Automobile Club is turning to the prosecution of anti-dust experiments, which were commenced in connection with the One Thousand Miles Reliability Trials last year. The differences between cars of different makes in the matter of raising dust were so strongly shown at that time that it was evident much might be achieved towards the mitigation of the nuisance by closer attention to the shaping of car-bodies and the arrangement of the mechanical members upon the frame and beneath the level of the car-floor. Many members of the Club have effected sundry improvements in their cars from the results of these very incomplete experiments, and have found much improvement thereby effected in existing cars. But the actual features which cause automobiles to throw up an undue amount of dust require elucidation, and the sooner the Club gets down to this work and publishes the results of its experiments and inquiries, the better for both the industry and the public. In the meantime, if any of my readers own a dusty car, they will find that its dust-raising tendencies can be very largely mitigated by covering in the whole of the mechanism underneath by a waterproofed canvas apron, slung by straps from the frame and kept as closely strained round the crank-chamber and gear-box as possible. It is best to strain the apron over a light hoop-steel frame depending from the body, as then the canvas can be brought close to the fly-wheel without fouling it.



"LA TORTAJADA," THE FAMOUS SPANISH DANCER NOW APPEARING AT THE PALACE, AND HER TWENTY-FOUR HORSE-POWER TALBOT CAR.

Photograph by Campbell and Gray, Cheapside.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

The Derby and Oaks—Riding Families—Watering Racecourses.

THERE is a certain holiday flavour about the second week's racing of the Sussex Fortnight, a large number of the visitors being those who are taking their annual rest from work. On the third day of the Brighton Meeting, the entry for the Cliftonville Plate is poor in quality, and Amychen should have no difficulty in winning. The old-established Astley Stakes at Lewes does not cause much sensation nowadays, and interest in it is practically confined to those on the course. Cicero is engaged, but Lord Rosebery's crack will not run again this year. The race may be won by Gallinago or Amychen. On the second day at Lewes, the Priory Stakes may be won by Big Gun. At Kempton Park, the Breeders' Two-Year-Old Stakes may be won by Standen.

It is pleasant, now that so much talk is heard and so much ink is being splashed over what is quaintly called "the state of the Turf"—an ambiguous phrase that might mean anything, but that really covers the complaints about handicapping and handicappers—to record that the entries for the Derby and Oaks of 1906 are well up to the average of the last few years in point of number. Amongst the subscribers are one or two owners whose names have been freely mentioned as those of men about to throw over the Turf and all its wicked ways. When the King does a thing, he does it thoroughly, and in the Derby he has nominated three, which, although only yearlings, have already been named. His trio are each by different sires, St. Simon, Ladas, and Persimmon. The youngest and luckiest recruit to the Turf, Mr. W. Bass, has taken up four nominations—for three colts and one filly—the sires being Florizel II., Bill of Portland, Diamond Jubilee, and St. Frusquin. As usual, a number of French owners have subscribed, and M. E. Blanc is prominent with three Flying Fox colts and one by Masque.

In point of numbers, Sir Tatton Sykes comes first in the Derby with nine nominations, and most of them make the mouth of a breeder water. Lord Rosebery has named six, including one by Persimmon—Chelandry. In the Oaks, His Majesty has only nominated a couple, but they are already named, one Persicot, by Persimmon—La Carolina, and the other Vanitas, by Ladas—Vane. In this race, as

in the Derby, all the names of the pillars of the Turf are to be noted as well as all the big breeders, Mr. Musker and his Meltons being prominent. M. E. Blanc has nominated four fillies, two by Flying Fox, called Blue Fly and Belle Fleur II., and two by Winkfield's Pride, Hermonthis and Sakkara II. Other Continental owners are represented as well, so that both the Derby and Oaks are, if everything goes well, likely to sustain their international character.

When young Claud Halsey, son of W. Halsey, rode his first winner the other day, one could scarcely help running over in one's mind how riding ability seems to run in some families. One of the most famous trios of brothers that ever took to the pigskin were Tom, Ben, and Sam Loates, and they were all marked out before they had been long in the profession. And another Loates who can ride is little C. Loates junior. The Cannons are known the world over—Tom Cannon and his three sons, "Morny," "Kemmy," and, in a lesser degree, Charley, the last-named being prevented from making as big a name as his brothers by increasing weight. The Pratts are another great riding family; so are the Osbornes and the McCalls.

Necessity is the mother of invention, as we all know, and in a dry year Clerks of Courses have to search their wits to try and combat the effects of drought. Perhaps the most successful way of artificial watering was hit on by Mr. Joe Davis, who has had wells sunk at Hurst Park, where, be the rain absent never so long, there is now always a plentiful supply of water for the course. Another enterprising official, the late Mr. John Frail, started a fire-hose at Windsor, drawing the water from

the Thames, and this system is at the present time carried out in the Rays Meadows, with very beneficial results in the summer.

Now that the new Goodwood stands have been put to practical use, it is seen how greatly the meeting will benefit by the progressive policy pursued by the Duke of Richmond. The buildings were begun so late this year that, although the men worked at high pressure, there was no chance of everything being completely ready. But by next year racing-men will see more plainly than ever that a master-mind has inspired the improvements.

CAPTAIN COE.



COWES REGATTA: THE MARQUIS OF ORMONDE, COMMODORE OF THE ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON, AND SIR ALLEN YOUNG.

Photograph by Russell and Sons, Southsea. (See "Small Talk of the Week.")

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

A TRANSATLANTIC journalist once crossed the herring-pond and visited this pin-point island with a view to recording imperishable impressions of London—historically, atmospherically, socially, and otherwise. With more than the Transatlantic command of periods and polysyllables, he expatiated, dilated, descanted, and discoursed on his theme until the last day of July put a full-stop to his semicolons, and London in its emptiness settled down upon him. Did silence descend upon him also, however, with the 31st July and the last rattle of the last luggage-crowned four-wheeler? Perish the thought! Sitting alone in the Park, waiting for the next steamer to N'York, the fountain-pen of that ready writer records that "the summer afternoon wore away superb in scented brilliance, slumberous in its invitation to repose, with persuasive lengthening of shadows amidst a gradual lulling of sound."

The First of August would hardly recognise its malodorous, dusty, worn-out old Metropolitan self disguised in such lovely furbelows of language. For my many sins I was in town on Saturday, and of all the—— But I will not be carried away in ecstatic reminiscences, enough to pray that it may not happen again even with the philanthropic object of dining, and grilling in a theatre afterwards, with a lonely friend temporarily bereft of his family. Yachting is the matter of the moment, seaside, foreign spa, moor, and mountaineering—outdoor delights of any and every variety, in fact; but stale food and stale plays in a stale atmosphere are anathema, and for twelve blessed, wholesome weeks spent elsewhere will remain so.

Innovations are not always improvements, as the immemorial frequenter of Goodwood was not slow to remark last week. One missed the pleasant old Stand, with its many memories, and his Grace of Richmond's private balcony, whereon Royalty and the salt of

modest shelters of the merely aristocratic, and the dear little Lawn disappears under a veritable mob of millinery. Talking of gowns, the old-fashioned lavender silk which early Victorian brides were wont to revel in again comes fashionably forward. Mrs. George Keppel wore



[Copyright.]

A PRETTY PALE-PINK TAFFETAS.

it on the Monday, which circumstance would alone doubtless bring the colour into notice as a favourite of fortune. Mrs. Leo Rothschild one noticed in it too, while Lady Anne Lambton's lavender silk-muslin was one of the prettiest and most delicate arrangements on the Lawn.

Brown seemed in high regard, too—Mrs. Arthur James doing the utmost credit to her dressmaker in a silk-muslin gown much the colour of a good Habana. Lady de Trafford's brown taffeta was a deeper shade; while Mrs. Atherton, not less well-known, was supporting all the Dean Paul traditions for good looks in a big brown hat and charmingly pretty silk-muslin gown. Would that one could as trippingly and agreeably recall the racing! But, alack and alas, not a mother's daughter amongst us all ever dreamed that the rankest of outsiders would simply walk off with the Cup. And when Melayr, "the thing in blue with the unnameable name," cantered in a forty-to-one chance there was no word or sound to meet the occasion that would serve. An American girl got nearest. She said, "It's simply blinding!"—and blinding it simply was.

Every house between the course and Chichester was packed. We stayed with some lucky folk who have got the most perfect dining-hall in their abode. Not a panel has been touched for ages in the oak-lined walls, and there is a genuinely ragged and moth-eaten fringe of tapestry which would ravish the greedy eye of the virtuoso. The aid of Gillow was recently invoked to carry out various decorations in the manner of its period, with a result that the most perfect possible reminiscence of an old-time banqueting-hall presents itself to the delighted eye.

Apropos, Gillow's have recently issued a perfectly fascinating



[Copyright.]

A SMART WHITE SERGE AND EMBROIDERY.

Mother Earth were wont to assemble in good old days. Goodwood has grown too big, in fact. The new Stand is excessively fine, and large, pretentious tents erected by the Kaffir Circus overpower the

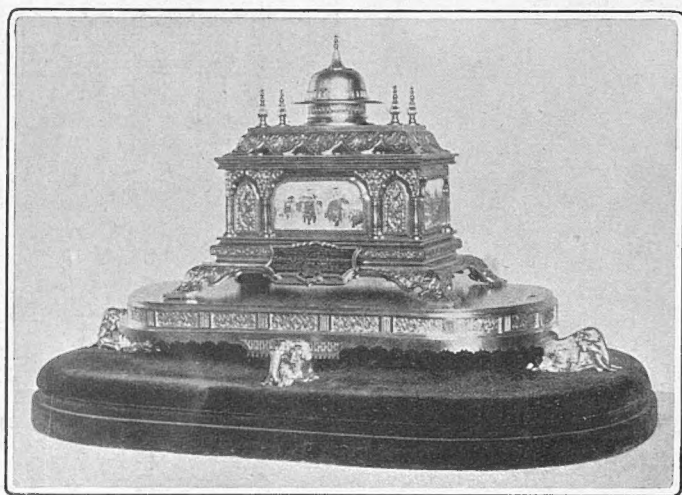
catalogue, illustrating entire rooms, separate pieces, to fronts of mansions, in itself a perfect and delightful book—one, too, which should be in the hands of all people of taste and sufficient means to environ themselves beautifully.

SYBIL.

An interesting wedding will be celebrated quietly on Sept. 15 at Wembury. Miss Bessie Florence Cory, eldest daughter of the late Mr. Richard Cory, of Langdon Court, Devon, will be the bride, and Captain Owen Hassall, of the 2nd Royal Warwickshire Regiment, the bridegroom. Captain Hassall is the second son of the late Lieutenant C. C. Hassall, R.N., and step-son of Lieutenant-General W. P. Wright, Deputy-Adjutant-General of the Royal Marines.

The Weymouth season, blessed this year with phenomenally fine weather, bids fair to beat the record. Sir Thomas Lipton is there on the *Erin*, always the centre of much large-handed hospitality. The *fête champêtre* given by the Mayor and Mayoress proved a great success. The Royal Dorset Club and the Town Regattas are fixed for Aug. 20 and Aug. 24 and 25 respectively, and good progress has been made in the negotiations for endowing the "Naples of England" with one of the best eighteen-hole golf-links in the United Kingdom before the season of 1905 comes round.

The beautiful casket shown on this page was presented, together with the Freedom of the City, to His Excellency the Right Hon. Lord Curzon of Kedleston by the Corporation of the City of London, "in testimony of its high appreciation of his services as Viceroy and Governor-General of India." The casket, which is of eighteen-carat gold, is in the purest style of Indian ornamental work, the whole of



CASKET PRESENTED TO LORD CURZON OF KEDLESTON BY THE CORPORATION OF THE CITY OF LONDON.

the rich and delicate tracery being in relief. In the front is a beautifully enamelled panel representing the reading of the Proclamation at the Great Durbar; on the reverse another panel contains a scene of the State entry into Delhi, while the ends are occupied by views of the Guildhall and Mansion House. The Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, Limited, of 112, Regent Street, were responsible for the design and manufacture of this artistic souvenir.

Variations in the quality of cigars, cigarettes, and tobaccos are, of course, possible, but anything in the nature of deviation from recognised forms has hitherto not been attempted. There has, however, just been introduced on to the market a new cigarette known by the name of "Ardath Mixture Cigarette," and our smoking readers will undoubtedly be able to judge from the name that the cigarettes are prepared from the tobacco used in the manufacture of the world-renowned Ardath Smoking Mixture. This mere fact alone is sufficient guarantee of the excellence of the article. The Ardath Mixture Cigarettes are undoubtedly the cigarettes *par excellence*, and they possess a further admirable quality, inasmuch as they are "hand-made" and free from loose tobacco-dust. In order that the purchasers may not be defrauded in any way, the manufacturers of the Ardath Mixture Cigarette mark every box "hand-made," a wise policy of which they are bound to reap the benefit.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SKETCH."

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Subscriptions must be paid in advance, direct to the Publishing Office, 198, Strand, in English money; by cheques, crossed "The Union Bank of London"; or by Post Office Orders, payable at the East Strand Post Office, to THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LTD., 198, Strand, London.

AN APOLOGY.

In our issue of June 22 we referred to Mdlle. Antoinette Trebelli (Antonia Dolores), whose portrait we publish herewith. We much regret to find that, in referring to the lawsuit between herself and the Royal Academy of Music, we made a serious mistake, which we have great pleasure in correcting by relating the true facts, which are as follows: After the completion of the case, Mdlle. Antoinette Trebelli (Mdlle. Dolores) left England in the spring of 1895 for the purpose of fulfilling a long-standing engagement to sing in South Africa. The French jewels we referred to had never been adjudged to belong to the Royal Academy of Music, and they had never been in England, but were in her late mother's house in France, and, according to French law, she was entitled to them. We learn also that no writ of attachment was issued against her. It is, therefore, needless to say that she did not take any property which did not belong to her, or act in a manner which would reflect in any way upon her character as an honourable lady. We much regret our mistake, and offer Mdlle. Dolores our sincere apology.



MD'LE. ANTONIA DOLORES.

Special arrangements have been made by the Chancery Lane Safe Deposit for the temporary safe keeping of securities and valuables during the holidays and Long Vacation.

One of the most remarkable features of the great struggle now going on in the Far East is the absolute contempt of the Japanese for death. When they go to the Front they say good-bye to their families as if they were going to instant death, and make all their dispositions accordingly. Admiral Togo never writes a line to his family, and has forbidden them to send him a letter as long as he is on active service. General Inouye has three sons fighting, but he has given strict orders that he is not to be informed of their death should they fall. The officers and most of the men have made similar arrangements, though some of the soldiers have been provided with postcards with the printed words, "I am quite well, but it is useless to send you my address, as I do not know where I shall be to-morrow."

The seizure of the *Malacca* by the Commander of the Volunteer cruiser *St. Petersburg*, though serious enough from an international point of view, was not without its humorous incidents. The "iron crane" and the "explosives" had, it seems, aroused the Russian officer's direst suspicions; but when confronted with one of Messrs. Foot and Son's compressed-cane trunks, he shouted "Eureka!" and declared it a prize—surely a great compliment to the New Bond Street firm. The trunk, curiously enough, was of the "Eureka" pattern,



A RUSSIAN PRIZE: PRINCE TOKUGAWA'S TRUNK.

and addressed to the Japanese Prince Tokugawa, at Tokio; and when opened, the nest of drawers revealed vanquished the Commander's last scruples. So a prize-crew at once took charge of the *Malacca*, a special detachment being doubtless told off to guard the precious compressed-cane trunk.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Aug. 10.

A DISCOURAGING OUTLOOK.

WHEN we wrote last week, it appeared as if the *Malacca* incident was in a fair way to settlement, and the political complications with Russia would speedily be cleared up, but the course of events since then has, so far as the City is concerned, rather intensified the gloom, for not only is the question of the status of the Volunteer cruisers by no means disposed of, but the outrage of the sinking of the steamship *Knight Commander* is so flagrant a breach of every established rule of International Law that, unless a stop is put to the predatory instincts of the Russian officers, it is difficult to see how the crisis can end without trouble.

Under such circumstances, it is not to be wondered at that Stock Exchange business is very nearly at a standstill, and the small desire to invest in high-class stocks, which was in evidence a few weeks ago, has, for the moment, completely disappeared.

Americans have been almost the only market in which there was anything doing, and even here the Chicago strike and street-fighting have exercised an adverse influence.

Some weeks ago, we alluded to the Boulder Deep scandal, and gave our readers the current gossip as to how it came about. The Government of Western Australia are to institute an official inquiry. We are glad to hear it, but the real inwardness of the affair can be far better investigated on this side than in Australia, and if we could only get at the books of certain jobbers, and the banking-accounts of one or two well-known and respectable persons we could very easily name, there would not be much more to investigate.

METROPOLITAN
ELECTRICITY SUPPLY.

For years to come, the case of the Metropolitan Electricity Supply Company will be quoted as an instance of how private enterprise can cope with municipal aggrandisement, to the discomfiture of the latter. The Company, like Naboth, had some of its undertaking within a district under the Borough Council's judicature, and the Councillors coveted that particular portion. They refused the price asked by the Company for the portion, but when the matter was referred to arbitration the Company obtained an award of much more than it originally claimed. After protracted bickerings and disputes, the money has now been paid, and Metropolitan shareholders last week received £6 per share on account of the cash obtained from the Marylebone authorities. The Company has, of course, lost a large slice of its property—or rather, it has sold a large slice—and now arises a question as to how the capital shall be re-arranged. One proposal is to give three new shares of £5 each for every two old shares of £10, with a possible return of a further 50s. capital. If this should come about, the value of the new shares would work out to about 8½, and a very simple calculation will show how this price nearly squares with that of the current quotation for the old shares in the market.

WESTRALIANS AND WEST AFRICANS.

Last week we addressed ourselves to some of the problems connected with Kaffirs and coolies; in the previous week attention was drawn to Boston Copper shares as a good medium for a quick profit. The shares were then obtainable at 23s., and they have been 26s. 3d. bid within the past ten days. Now we may turn to the Westralian and the Jungle Markets, where the absence of trade is quite as strong a feature as it is in the Kaffir Circus. That no especial scandal should be attached to the Westralian department at the moment is a trifle ominous; it makes those who are interested look around to see from what direction the next bolt is likely to come. Our own advices are to the effect that Oroya-Brownhill are still one of the best bears in the market, but the backwardation frightens some speculators, although the paying it may be handsomely rewarded in the long run. Northern Blocks are also said to be going lower, but the comparative cheapness of the prices offers less scope for a fall, and when shares get to the neighbourhood of a

sovereign they are dangerous to get too short of. Kalgurli we have before mentioned as a reasonable proposition for purchase, but it is one of the very few. A one-time favourite, called the Myall's United, is reconstructing, and the shareholders would be foolish to fling good money after bad. Smeltings have dropped to the rubbish price of about half-a-crown, and, as the Company is declared to be well supplied with funds, it might be worth while to average purchases made higher. But only as a sheer gamble, of course.

For the Jungle there is now a glimmer of hope, prices having mostly got to such a condition as to warrant the assumption that they will not be allowed to recede much further. In fact, most of them cannot go much lower than they are now, and we have reason to believe that a movement in this market is not very far away. Wassaus and Ashanti Sansu are both grievously disappointing in their results, and the recent Ashanti Gold Fields crushings were unmistakably poor. Nevertheless, we should put the last-named, with Bibiani and Gold Coast Amalgamated, somewhere near the front rank of the shares which will advance all in good time.

ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

The Stock Exchange.

You may have noticed that whenever a financial writer in the newspapers does not feel sure enough of his ground to make him strike out on any direct line, he turns the heading of his Note into the form of a question. Therefore we see "Will Kaffirs Revive?" or "When will Yankees React?" or "Are Trunks Too Dear?" It is, of course, easy to see from the way in which the query is cast the feeling that the writer has upon the subject, but the interrogation note saves him from condemnation

if the market should happen to upset his cautiously expressed opinion. For an opinion leaning to one side or the other has to be expressed. To write so impartially as to leave the reader in doubt as to which way the author's view really lies is an accomplishment of the rarest kind. Some of us—and I use the pronoun advisedly—are a little sorry that this should be the case, although perhaps you, as a reader, would prefer to hear a decided opinion rather than a summing-up of as many points as it is possible to collect in order that the scales may be balanced with perfect evenness in your mind at the end of your reading.

I think that the good majority of Stock Exchange members would concur in telling you that you are only one of many who want their thinking done for them, and who would no more dream of making patient investigation into suggested investments than they would think of enlisting in the Russian Army. This is the principal reason why people clamour for "tips," why they will follow even bad ones if they feel that the "tip" is given in good

faith and with a purpose that is honest, though it turn out afterwards to be mistaken. But I venture to assert that such a follow-my-leader policy is not a good one, and those who pursue it, while themselves capable of forming an independent judgment by means of a little troublesome investigation, have no one to blame if the advice should turn out badly. There are others, of course, who are bound to rely upon outsiders for aid in the selection of their investments—mere "babes at business"—but even the most innocent are fully aware that, if they want big interest, they must run big risks. This being so, I repeat it is a pity that the financial advisers of the public—amongst whom I should certainly not count as important an occasional Stock Exchange contributor to a popular illustrated weekly—do not study to present aspects of markets, of stocks and shares, with such impartiality as will give the capitalist the best chance of forming a sound opinion for himself.

"Padding!" did I hear you exclaim? Pardon me, Sweet Charity, who, believing all things, must include a belief that this weather is far from appropriate to padding. Indeed, the closeness of the atmosphere makes me choose to lay my very soul bare in its desire for coolness.

Charity, I trust, is yet alive, but Faith and Hope are very sick. So are Consols and most of the other virtues, and to the Stock Exchange the situation presents uncomfortable possibilities. There are many members who are literally not making a livelihood; how some of the youngest and the oldest men manage to sustain their positions is a mystery behind which lurks more patient burden-bearing than one can guess. At such times as these the Stock Exchange Benevolent Fund should be a very tower of help, and its carefully-hoarded resources are vast enough to stand a more generous liberality than at present prevails in the administration of the money. Its hide-bound rules and cast-iron traditions may have been all very well during the period when the Fund was in course of building, but are out-of-date now. The stewards do their work well, so far as the restrictions enable them, but it is high time that the whole thing was overhauled, and a greater elasticity introduced for the benefit of those who, for one reason or another, find the pinching of the shoe in danger of becoming intolerable.

At 67, London and India Dock Deferred will yield 6 per cent. on the money, assuming that the next dividend be at the rate of 4 per cent., of which there is every probability. It is a surprising thing, in one way, that the stock should have been allowed to fall quite sharply on the publication of figures which most authorities allow to be excellent. Go thoroughly into the matter for yourself, in consonance with the advice given above, and I think you will agree that Dock Deferred is a capital speculative investment. The Preferred, too, has many attractions in view of the Port of London Bill, and the two together are worth mixing with any list of securities. While some Industrials look cheap, others are certainly overvalued. The Bank



VIEW IN PALERMO PARK, BUENOS AYRES.

Market shows some of the latter, and, although London and Counties have come down since the time when it was suggested here that they were too high, some of the others remain indefensibly dear. One instance of this can be seen in National Provincial £12 paid shares. The reduced interim dividend points to the likelihood of a smaller final distribution, and at their current price the shares yield something like 4 per cent., although Unions and several others quite as good can be bought to return 5 per cent. on the money. One reason for the comparative hardness of the price is the scarcity of shares in the market, but that will probably be remedied now that the price is *ex-dividend*. For shareholders do love to "take their dividends," above all things, and are prone to fancy they will get a better price by selling *ex* than they do by sales *cum* dividend. The fallacy of this contention has been shown times without number, because it so frequently happens that sellers postpone realising until the price of the shares or stock goes *ex*, and then they come in all together with their orders, and are bitterly disappointed in finding that the quotation they can obtain *ex-dividend* is lower than they expected after allowing for the distribution.

How to get a cheap holiday is now occupying the minds of a good many who have no kind friends at the seaside or on the Continent or the Broads. Here is a wrinkle. Take a £2 ticket to New York, take no money worth mentioning, and cultivate a complete blank in your memory as regards friends you may have in the States. The value of these last two conditions becomes manifest when you remember that all emigrants are examined upon landing at the other side, and that those who cannot produce satisfactory references as to money, friends, or prospects of work are sent back free of charge—classified as "Undesirable." By this method one can get a fortnight to three weeks on the ocean, with board and lodging thrown in, for the sum of Two Pounds sterling. There are few cheaper holidays going, and, provided a man has the necessary agility to mislead the agent of the Company on this side and is not blessed with an ultra-nicety of sense as to what companions he keeps, he can have a gloriously cheap time. What sense is there in risking your neck on the Alps, your head in grouse-shooting on the moors, your temper in a fishing-tour, and your money everywhere, when for Two Pounds you can have the advantages I have just mentioned, with raw herring for supper every night?

Let me here remark that any Atlantic Shipping Company wishing to recognise this striking advertisement in a common-sense way should address their letters to me, and not to the City Editor of this paper. Cheques, postal-orders, and stamps should be made payable to bearer. If it is wished to make the offerings in kind, the final line in the last paragraph must not be taken to imply that I have any partiality for raw herrings.

How about business, did you say? Well, it is difficult to discern any particular symptoms of a rush of it just yet. The Consol Account is a fairly large one, and the dealers in Capel Court are among the few who get any business nowadays, yet some of them declare there is little enough profit attached to jobbing in Goschens now. Some few weeks must elapse before the political situation settles down sufficiently for confidence to be restored. It may, of course, happen that Europe will be in the midst of an all-round conflagration before these lines are scanned by your tender eyes, dear reader. Such a lot of rubbish is talked about contraband of war that one gets rather impatient at the high-falutin' airs adopted by those who ought to know better. If there's big money to be made out of running risks by carrying ammunition to the Japs, is it likely every British ship will refuse to take those risks? Fortunately the Russians have dropped on the wrong Companies, but we all know there is a lot of the business going on. And not until politics grow calmer can the Stock Exchange hope for the steady, all-round business that is at once the desire and despair of most members of the House, including THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

Saturday, July 30, 1904.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

- (1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, 108, Strand, and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.
- (2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a *nom-de-guerre* under which the desired answer may be published. Should no *nom-de-guerre* be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.
- (3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.
- (4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.
- (5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.
- (6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.
- (7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.
- (8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters cannot receive attention.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

REX.—There is no Company we know of called the "National Electric Company." If you mean the National Electric Supply Company, it is a fairly respectable concern; but if you mean the National Electric Traction Company, the less you have to do with it the better.

CRICKLEWOOD.—It is very difficult to give an opinion on any Building Society. As a form of investment, we do not like the whole class. The concern your name we have no reason to doubt. Why not invest your money in some sound stock which will pay you between 4 and 5 per cent. and can be sold at any time, say Gas Light and Coke Ordinary or Industrial and General Trust Unified stock?

G. W. M.—We have consulted the reference-books available as to the debentures, and, as far as we can make out, the 6 per cent. Debentures are secured by a first charge on the main line, while the 4 per cent. Debentures are first-charged on the Western Extension and afterwards on the whole undertaking. The security is not, therefore, identical, although for practical purposes there may be little difference.

NORFOLK.—We have returned your papers. At the time you subscribed you could—as others did—have recovered your money. The last return of the City and Surrey Company is dated March 1903, and there is a note that the allotment of shares to the National Electric Traction Company has been cancelled. Write to the Secretary of the latter Company, at 79, Queen Street, E.C. From your papers, we think you must have exchanged Surrey shares for Electric Traction, on which you appear to have had a dividend. In the end it will prove a bad debt.

J. E.—You had better decline the kind offer of the £10 shares at £4 10s. Pearsons are about par or 2s. 6d. premium. Leave a limit to buy at par and wait till you get them.

MY MORNING PAPER.

BY THE MAN IN THE TRAIN.

ONE feels just a little sympathy for the Red Sea raiders, *St. Petersburg* and *Smolensk*. To be sure, they have caused complications in Europe, but they are not to blame. If a stone hits me, I do not blame the stone, but the person who threw it. Consequently, the blame attaching to the work of Russia's two smart cruisers goes to certain Grand Dukes and Admirals who may be found in *St. Petersburg*, quite outside the radius of the disturbances they organise and direct. It will be hard lines for the cruisers to be sent home ingloriously after they have been playing at war in profitable if not proper fashion, with never a need to hang out torpedo-nets at night or keep search-lights sweeping the waters for fear of Japanese mosquito-craft. Now I suppose they will have to join the Baltic Squadron, and, if they do, their chances of seeing a fight are remote.

I often heard the late Pope Leo very highly praised in Rome, particularly at the time when the Dreyfus case was raging like an epidemic in Western Europe, and the two Vatican organs, the *Voce della Verità* and *Osservatore Romano*, were trying to turn the occasion to clerical ends. "I can assure you," said a gentleman who enjoys considerable standing among the Black Party, "the Pope will hold his lieutenants well in hand. Though he is so old and physically feeble, he is a ruler still, and every important step in policy has his sanction." Apparently his successor did not make a change for the better when Cardinal Rampolla left the Papal Foreign Office. Monsignor del Val, who is said to be at the bottom of the disturbance between the Vatican and Paris, is not a success, and I am hardly surprised that my morning paper hints at his resignation as a possibility of the future. A strong man of great attainments, Monsignor del Val belongs to a past century, and where his influence is strongest—that is to say, in Spain—things are going from bad to worse. If France does sever relations with the Vatican, look for a widespread anti-clerical movement across the Pyrenees.

My morning paper tells me that the Congo "Free" State is going to hold an investigation into the condition of natives in its territories. This announcement is full of promise until one reads that the Commission will be composed of the Advocate-General of the Brussels Appeal Court, the President of the Court of Appeal at Boma, and a third party not yet nominated. Of course, I have no word to say against the gentlemen named; they are quite at the head of their profession and, doubtless, deserve their places, but it would be hard to expect an unbiased opinion from them. A commission of foxes to inquire into the truth of farmers' losses in hen-roosts and fowl-runs would be equally appropriate. The fox is an interesting animal, and from time to time I take the keenest interest in his career, but I would not hold him to be free from prejudice where the rights of chickens are concerned.

A little paragraph in a corner of my paper brings clearly into the light some of the difficulties that await the men who strive to bring the East up to date. At Meshed, in Persia, they have lighted one of the great Mosques with electricity. A brisk riot and the destruction of the electric-plant resulted. At this moment the Asiatic cholera is very busy in Persia, and there is no doubt in my mind that the Imaums told the people that the plague resulted from the attempt to introduce among children of the True Faith the light of the Unbelievers. In the same intelligent way, thousands of the people of India believe that the sanitary inspector is the real originator of plague, and that quarantine spreads it. Vaccination can make little progress in the East owing to the rooted belief that destiny is more powerful than calf-lymph.

My morning paper serves to remind me how theatrical London is losing its landmarks. The "Brit.," which is Hoxton way, will no longer give me the enjoyment I was wont to seek from time to time; the subtle mixture of raw farce and primitive melodrama has gone; it could not long survive Mrs. Sara Lane's death. And now the famous old Surrey Theatre has closed its doors, says my paper, the veteran George Conquest appearing to bless his audience and ban the London County Council. Apparently, the governing body of Greater London is bound to deal severely with houses that were built in far-off days, when the safety of the public was not the first consideration. In the past few years many a struggling house of entertainment has been sentenced to something very like death by the "L.C.C." But, while the sympathies of the public may well be with their old friends, the public common-sense must applaud steps that serve to make panics and stage-fires impossible.

My sympathy goes out to the farmers who, after having had last year's crop ruined by rain, are likely to have this year's spoiled by drought and thunder-storms. In the country, down to a week ago, the brown pastures and dried corn pleaded eloquently for the rain that would not come, and in the parts where a short-sighted generation has cut trees down indiscriminately the drinking-water supply is very short. Being in the country last week, just before the storms, I read to a farmer the extract from a daily paper in which one of the wise young men of Fleet Street wrote that the sun was doing good and that the land did not need water. "If I only knew as much about it as the man who wrote that paragraph," said the farmer, looking sadly over his thirsty land, "I'd be a deal happier than I am." Then thunder-storms came and heavy rain has beaten the corn to the ground.